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# Daily Mirror

3/9 Buys  
A  
Camera.

See page 2.

No. 220.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, JULY 18, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## BISLEY'S LADY CRACK SHOT.



Miss Florence Lowes, of the South London Rifle Club, whose tall, graceful figure claimed the attention of all observers at the firing lines when she competed in a number of important events at Bisley last week.—(Photograph by Eldridge, Knaphill.)

## THE NELSON RELICS.



Carter, who was committed for trial at Greenwich on Saturday, charged with stealing the Nelson relics.

## HOT WEATHER'S EFFECT UPON HATS.



Since the sweltering weather set in London's messenger boys have been served with slouch hats.



During the intense heat of Saturday afternoon Tattersall's Ring at Sandown Park presented an interesting study in straw hats.

## ENGLAND WINNING THE ELCHO.



The winning English team firing in the last round for the Elcho Challenge Shield on Friday at Bisley.—(Photograph by Laurence.)

## LAST OF "THE COBWEBS."



The famous old Cobwebs Inn at Richmond, which at eleven o'clock on Saturday night closed for ever.

## THE SEAHAM MURDER.



On the left of this picture is Breeze, who confessed to the murder of Mrs. Chisholm at Seaham Harbour. The shorter man is Chisholm, the murdered woman's husband.



## BIRTHS.

HOLLIS.—On the 15th inst., at 7, Melrose-avenue, N.W., to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hollis—a son.

HUTH.—On the 13th inst., at Riverhall, Wadhurst, the wife of Captain P. B. Huth, R.E.M., of a daughter.

RAYMOND.—On the 12th inst., at Forest House, East Liss, Hants, the wife of Lieutenant A. Lindsay Raymond, R.N.R., of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

GASTRELL-GASTRELL.—On April 19, 1904, at Auckland, New Zealand, by the Rev. J. Clark, Lieut.-Colonel E. T. Gastrell, late Major, Indian Army, to Miss Marian, second daughter of the late Rev. John Bolton, and widow of the late Colonel G. W. C. Gastrell, Indian Staff Corps.

MAXWELL-SOLLY.—On July 14, at St. Matthew's Church, Brighton, by the Rev. A. J. Maxwell, of Derby (cousin of the bridegroom), assisted by the Rev. J. N. Sohen, M.A., Herbert James Maxwell, to Caroline Jessie Elizabeth (Daisy), eldest daughter of Stephen Solly, of Brighton, Australian papers, please copy.

WYLIE-SEDOGWICK.—On July 14, at St. Saviour's Church, Strand Green, by the Rev. F. Gwyn, vicar, Alexander, younger son of A. Grant Wylie, of "Oaklands," Camden-road, to Florence Ada, daughter of Ralph Sedgwick, of Emsay-road, Strand Green.

## DEATHS.

BRIGHTWELL.—On the 14th inst., at 54, Salford-road, Streatham Hill, Charles Robert Brightwell, in his 55th year.

EVANS.—On July 14, at "Sunnyside," Park-road, Teddington, Joe W. Evans, in his 72nd year. Funeral at Bromley Cemetery, on Tuesday, 19th, at twelve. Friends kindly accept this (the only) intimation.

LAURIE.—On July 13, at Rosario, Osnford Cliffs, Bournemouth, James Stuart Laurie, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, formerly Director-General of Public Instruction, Ceylon, and H.M. Inspector of Schools, aged 73.

MOIR.—On the 14th inst., at Victoria-road, Deal, Frank E. Moir, musical composer, of 39, Kensington Lodge, Earl's Court, aged 53.

RIVERS.—On July 15, at his residence, Beaufort Lodge, Thornton Heath, Charles Rivers, aged 78. Deeply regretted.

## PERSONAL.

WALTER.—Advise return home; forgive; yours ever.—B. GERTY.—Write mother at once; important; Southampton.

JOURNEY NUMBER ONE.—Thanks wishes; never forget.—EDITH.

ELECTROLYSIS.—Cure guaranteed.—Miss Thomson, 186, Regent-street.

FAITH.—E. much better owing prospect meeting; Monday; really important.—TRUST.

SHASHA.—Will you meet me Allen's, August Bank Holiday? Address Portman-street.

REWARD.—Lost, on Monday, July 11, a black pig Dog, last seen at Maidenhead Station jumping into 11.35 train to Paddington.—Anyone returning same to 10, Hyde Park Mansions, London, will receive the above.

LOSE.—A grey Parrot, on July 12.—Anyone bringing the same to Farm House, Bantwood, S.W., will be rewarded.

\*. The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 0d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carnarville-st., London.

## TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Easterly breezes; fine and sunny; exceptional heat inland.

Lighting-up time: 9.7 p.m.  
Sea passages will be smooth generally.

## THE WAR.

There is little definite news from the seat of war, but events of great moment are expected this week. Twenty thousand Japanese have landed at Dalny, another landing is imminent near Newchwang, and three armies are ready to descend on the Russian positions along the railway. (Page 3.)

The admiral in charge of the Russian Baltic fleet expresses his intention to call with his vessels and take lunch with the British admiral at Plymouth. (Page 3.)

## GENERAL.

His Majesty the King will to-morrow lay the foundation-stone of the new cathedral at Liverpool, and later in the week pay a state visit to Wales. (Page 4.)

Pathetic incidents were witnessed at the Hospital for Incurables at Streatham during Her Majesty the Queen's visit on Saturday. (Page 3.)

Readers of the *Mirror* will on Thursday have a number of getting a bicycle for nothing. (Page 4.)

In the second article on the great poisoning case it is shown how and why Mrs. Maybrick's love for her husband dwindled away. (Pages 3 and 12.)

To tide over a financial crisis a cabman for £5 sold to the doctors of a London infirmary the right after death of his head, which is a large and curiously shaped one. (Page 5.)

Though seventy-five years of age, General Booth intends going on a campaign on a motor, during which he will visit sixty-two towns. (Page 3.)

Great heat was again experienced last week-end, 80deg. being registered on Saturday and 85deg. yesterday. The Lambeth Waterworks Company cut off the supply on Saturday. (Page 3.)

There are 10,602 fewer Volunteers in London now than there were three years ago, according to a return given by the Secretary of State for War. (Page 4.)

Immensely pleased with everything and everybody they had seen, especially the English girls, the French workmen who have been visiting London returned on Saturday to Paris. (Page 4.)

Lea Park, the late Mr. Whitaker Wright's £700,000 estate, is for sale. (Page 11.)

The mystery of the disappearance of Mr. F. Kent Loomis, the American diplomatist, was cleared up on Saturday, when his body was washed ashore near Kingsbridge, Devon. (Page 4.)

Ex-President Kruger is to be buried beside his wife in Pretoria, Lord Milner and the Transvaal Government having given the necessary permission. (Page 4.)

## LAW AND CRIME.

"I am ready to die," said George Breeze differently, just before he was sentenced to death for the murder of Mrs. Margaret Chisholm, his friend's wife, at Seaham Harbour. (Page 5.)

"Every arrangement seemed to have been made for the convenience of a thief," remarked the Greenwich magistrate during the hearing of the charge of stealing Nelson relics against the seaman, Carter, who was eventually committed for trial. (Page 5.)

Thanks to the system of identity by finger-prints, Adolph Beck, convicted for frauds committed by his "double," is to be re-tried and, it is believed, acquitted. (Page 3.)

Deserted by her husband and left penniless, a Mrs. Hewitt brought an action for divorce and conducted her own case. Her brother had acted as private detective. Sir Francis Jeune promised if she amended her petition to grant her relief. (Page 5.)

## SPORT.

The South Africans beat "An England XI." at Lord's by 189 runs, and thus won the first test match in the Mother Country. (Page 14.)

Jarvis won the long-distance swimming championship for the seventh time, after a magnificent struggle with Billington. (Page 15.)

At Sandown Park Lord Rosebery's Cicero carried off the National Breeders' Produce Stakes. (Page 14.)

## FINANCE.

Considering the heat business on the Stock Exchange was not bad on Saturday. The gilt-edged market was dull owing to pessimism in respect of the money position. Foreign securities were satisfactory. Dullness marked Home and American Rails. South Africans were a little better. (Page 6.)

## AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET.** TO-NIGHT at 9.  
LADY FLIRT.  
Preceded at 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOS.  
LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE.** MR. LEWIS WALLER.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.  
LAST 7 PERFORMANCES OF THE SEASON.  
LAST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT at 3.  
MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER.  
Preceded at 8.15 by THE FASHION.

**SHAFTESBURY.**  
EVERY EVENING at 8.15.  
MR. HENRY W. SAVAGE, American Co. in  
THE PRINCE OF PILSEN.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY  
at 2.15.  
Box Office 10 to 10.

**THE OXFORD.** VESTA TILLEY.  
LONEY HASKELL (American Humorist), George Mozart, Clark and Hamilton, Binas and Binas, Tom Foy and Co., 5 Devereux, Dutch Dally, Sam Mayo, and other stars. Open 7.40. Box office open 11 to 5. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.—Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.** TO-DAY.  
GREAT SPORTS EXHIBITION.  
London County C.C. v. M.C.C. and Ground.—First day.  
IN THEATRE at 4.0 and 8.0. "MARRIED FOR MONEY."

Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards, 1st Military Band, Water Chute, Rapids, Topsy-Turvy Railway, and other attractions.  
FIREWORKS EVERY THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 8.15.  
Table d'Hôte luncheon and dinner in the New Dining Rooms overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., caterers by appointment.

## SHIPPING, TOURS, Etc.

## POLYTECHNIC HOLIDAY TOURS.

3 GUINEAS.—WEEK IN LOVELY LUCERNE. A fortnight for 7 guineas. Also Tours to Gstaad, Zermatt, Chamounix, The Engadine. Parties leave nearly every day.

3 GUINEAS.—NORWEGIAN FIORD CRUISE, of nearly 3,000 miles, finest series of Land Excursions.

RAINFOREST CRUISE, July 20, visiting Götterburg, Elsinore, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Götland, Hamburg, Kiel Canal, etc.

3 GUINEAS.—WEEK IN BONNIE SCOTLAND, including return ticket, dining-car train, and week's excellent accommodation. Special series of daily Excursions.

25.—WEEK ON THE RHINE. Daily Excursions to Weinheim and the famous resorts. Extensions to Heidelberg, Black Forest, etc.

4 GUINEAS.—WEEK IN PARIS, including second-class return ticket, 7 days' accommodation, and Excursions to Fontainebleau, Versailles, Drete in Paris, etc.

Send for particulars of over 40 Tours to the Polytechnic, 309, Regent-st., London, W.

EXCURSIONS TO SCOTLAND.—The LONDON and EDINBURGH SHIPPING CO.'s steamers Fingal, Iona, and Malraio sail every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, from HERMITAGE STEAM WHARF, Wapping, to EDINBURGH (Leith), returning every WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY. For cheap circular tours, fares, sailings, etc., apply at the Wharf to the Company's Agent, J. G. GREGORY.

## THE WONDER OF ALL—A GENUINE CAMERA for 3/9.

Sold only at this absurdly Low Price to Advertise the "DAILY MIRROR."

## BUY ONE.

Make It Earn Money for You.

## TEN GUINEAS IN PRIZES.

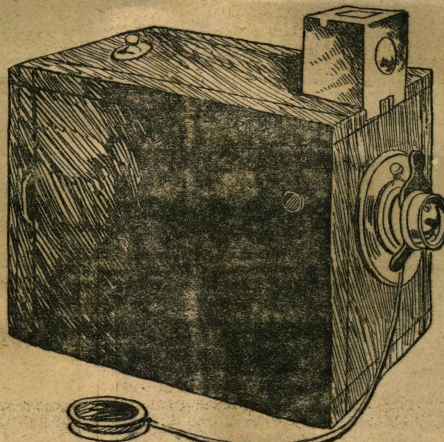
£2 2s. For the BEST SNAPSHOT.

£2 2s. For the BEST TIME PICTURE.

## SIX OTHER £1 IS. PRIZES

For the next best Six Photographs of any subjects selected by Competitors.

This offer of Prizes is only open to purchasers of the "Daily Mirror" Camera, but any reader of the "Daily Mirror" may purchase a Camera, whether he desires to enter for the Competition or not. Closing date Saturday, August 30th.



It fits into your pocket and is always ready to make a picture that will last for ever of the scene that passes away in a moment.

## IT IS A PERFECT CAMERA

TAKES 6 PLATES  
OR 12 FILMS.

Remarkable as it is the price is but

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Makes a Picture 2.5-16 by 1.3.  
Will Fit in Your Pocket.  
Shutter for Time or Snapshot.  
Simple Method to Change Plates.

Ground Glass View Finder.  
Metal Body, covered with Grained Leatherette.  
Single View Lens.  
Plates Cost 6d. per Box.  
A Holiday Companion.

For the convenience of Beginners who have not the material for Printing and Developing Pictures A BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS and the

## "Daily Mirror" Developing and Printing Outfit.

containing all the necessary apparatus and solutions for taking, developing, and printing Photographs, will be supplied for 2s. 9d. complete.

One Box Six Dry Plates, 2.5-16 by 1.3.  
One Packet Printing Paper.  
One Packet of Mounts.

One Dark-room Lamp.  
One Candle-power Light.  
Two Dishes, Develop and Fix.  
One Printing Frame.  
One Folding Draining Rack.

One Bottle Developing Solution.  
One Bottle Toning Solution.  
One Packet Fixing Salts.  
One Book Instructions.

It must be understood by those entering this Competition that the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Mirror" is final in regard to all questions relating to the Competition.

Cut out this Coupon and post to  
CAMERA DEPARTMENT.

"Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarville Street, London, E.C.

Enclosed find p.o. for.....  
for which please send me, post free, the "Daily Mirror" Camera (3s. 11d., post and free), the Complete Printing and Developing Outfit (3s. 1d., post free). (Cross out Outfit if you do not wish it.)

Name.....

Address.....

RESIDENTS OF THE WEST END MAY PURCHASE THESE CAMERAS AND OUTFITS AT THE WEST END OFFICE OF THE "DAILY MIRROR," 45, NEW BOND STREET, W.



## WATER FAMINE.

Londoners Experience Inconveniences of Short Supply.

### RUN ON "MINERALS."

Continued Hot Weather Threatens To Lead to Serious Trouble.

	MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE.	SHADE.
Saturday . . . . .	80deg.	
Yesterday . . . . .	85deg.	

In spite of the promises of cooling showers the heat wave shows no signs of relenting.

Yesterday, for the third time within eight days, a temperature of 85deg. in the shade was officially recorded by the Meteorological Office.

It was a breathless day, and the air was oppressive and thundery. Towards evening, however, a breeze sprang up, and somewhat alleviated the closeness of the streets and dwellings.

Thunderstorms are predicted, and after the sultriness experienced yesterday there are few who would be surprised if London were shortly the centre of a violent electrical disturbance.

The effect of the continued hot weather is manifest everywhere in the country. The grass is parched and brown, and the root crops are suffering severely from want of moisture.

The grain harvest in the south of England is likely to be earlier by some weeks than it was last year. Owing to the readiness with which the dried grass kindles, a number of fires have occurred. One of these broke out at Hayes Common, Bromley, and could not be extinguished until practically the whole of the 300 acres of grass were destroyed.

### MANY LONDONERS WITHOUT WATER.

In South-West London great inconvenience has been caused owing to the shortness of the water supply. Without any warning being given, the water was cut off early on Saturday morning, and dwellers in Battersea, Clapham, and Streatham were left without water for the rest of the day.

Many houses were left without even sufficient drinking water, and there was a great run upon grocers' shops and other places, where mineral waters are sold. Throughout the day the water-carts were busy in the streets, increasing the annoyance of the sufferers from this unexpected water famine.

On Sunday morning the water was turned on for a time long enough to fill the cisterns, but was again cut off after an hour's flow.

Surely, it is complained, the company might give some notification of its intentions when it is intended to cut off the water, and so minimise the inconvenience. At present the Lambeth Water-works are acting without any regard to their customers.

In a letter predicting a continuance of the heat wave, a well-known West End physician sends the following excellent advice to *Mirror* readers:—

#### HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Don't worry. Wear light flannels. Shut spirit. Bathe often. Avoid omnibuses. Change your boots twice a day. Be sparing of heavy wines and beers. Boil your drinking water. Keep off hot spots. Eat ripe fruit. Keep to the shade. Beware of uric acid or over-ripe fruit. But above all, don't worry.

In anticipation of a scorching week-end, many people made their arrangements early in the week for passing Sunday upon the river. On Friday morning it was impossible to engage a launch for Sunday, and the greater part of the smaller craft had already been bespoken.

Hundreds of people were disappointed in obtaining any boating accommodation at all, and joined the crowds who spend the afternoon as spectators at the busiest locks.

In spite of the protests already raised, there is no abatement in the number of complaints concerning river hotheadism. One large launch, the occupants of which were mostly men, attracted special attention by reason of the noisy and disorderly behaviour of those on board.

Suicides are becoming of alarmingly frequent occurrence, and in many instances can be directly attributed to the heat.

James Wilkins, a Maidstone labourer, after complaining of the excessive heat, hanged himself from a tree.

Affected by the heat, Charles Buck, a Mile End harness-maker, first attacked his wife and afterwards hanged himself from the top of a ladder.

Miss Mary Hutchinson, forty-two, hanged herself from the banisters in her sister's house at Scarborough.

Mrs. Mary Johnson, of Castle Eden, who was

found lying in bed with her throat cut, and her dead child beside her.

A man who yesterday jumped from Westminster Bridge into the river in the sight of hundreds of people. When he found himself in the water he began at once to swim, and was picked up by the police boat.

Mary Ryder, aged eighteen, of Kersley, was affected by the heat while walking near the reservoirs at Walkden. A man jumped in and rescued her.

At Margate, Levett Everitt, of Kennington Park, attempted to drown himself, owing to his mind having been temporarily deranged by the heat. He was handed over to the care of his wife, who had gone to Margate from London in search of him.

To these cases may probably be added that of Walter Doe, a Bethnal-green carman, who was found drowned in the River Lea at the same spot where his eldest son was drowned two years ago.

Fatalities due to the heat are increasing in number each day.

Bandmaster Range, of the Bolton Artillery Volunteer Brigade, who dropped dead through the intolerable heat as he was about to accompany the brigade into encampment.

Louis Parsy, a musical instrument maker, of Somers Town, who was struck down while sitting in the sun.

James Twelvetees, a Marylebone fishmonger, who died in St. Pancras Infirmary as a result of sunstroke.

Mary Smith, who, admitted to the City of London Union in an unconscious state, died in an hour.

Samuel Dudley, a Walworth labourer, who died of heart failure accelerated by the heat.

Joseph Sant, of Northwich, who was lifting a bag of sand when he fell dead.

In Paris, where a shade temperature of 95 degrees has twice been registered, over fifty deaths have been caused by sunstroke in the last three days.

## FATEFUL WEEK.

Is Japan Ready To Strike Her Great Blows?

This is expected to be a week full of striking events at the seat of war.

Japan has landed another 20,000 men at Daini. Preparations are being made for putting more troops ashore near Newcastle, and these armies are ready to make a simultaneous attack on the Russian positions on the railway.

From July 15 to 20 was regarded by many prominent men in Tokio as the time when Japan would make her mighty stroke at Port Arthur, and everything points to her readiness and unflinching determination to speedily achieve a series of striking successes both at Port Arthur and in Manchuria.

From Aden it is reported that the German mail steamer, Prinz Heinrich, has been stopped by the Russian Volunteer cruiser Smolensk, and compelled to give up thirty-one sacks of letters and twenty-four sacks of parcels, all intended for Japan.

The British steamer Malacca has been seized by the Russian Volunteer Fleet steamer St. Petersburg in the Red Sea, and is being conveyed back to Suz.

### MOTOR-CAR APOSTLE.

General Booth To Visit Sixty-two Towns in An Automobile.

General Booth is a man of many surprises. In spite of his seventy-five years, he is about to undertake a task that would tax the strength of many a younger man.

The venerable pontiff of Salvationism intends going on a motor campaign on August 8 or 9 from St. Just, Cornwall, finishing in Aberdeen on September 6. Sixty-two towns, in addition to hamlets and villages, will be visited along the route, and it is estimated that General Booth will upon an average three meetings a day, and will make a fifteen or twenty minutes' address at every stopping place.

Great interest is already manifested on the line of route, and there is talk of all sorts of receptions, from bicycle brigades to the decoration of thatched cottages.

### MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL.

We regret to hear that Mr. Herbert Campbell the well-known comedian of Drury Lane pantomime, had another stroke yesterday morning. For some years he has suffered with a bad leg, and being a very stout man it gave him a great deal of trouble.

At a late hour last night a *Mirror* representative was informed that Mr. Campbell was unconscious and had a difficulty in breathing. The doctors had given up all hope, and he was described as sinking fast.

### ELECTION EGG-PELTING.

Things are getting lively in the Oswestry division.

Some of the quartermen at Portyuaen took eggs with them to a week-end meeting of the Tariff League. Mr. Barry, the principal speaker, declares they were election eggs of the cheapest foreign make. He ought to know, for one broke on his chin and several more on his chest.

## QUEEN AMONG THE SICK.

Pathetic Incidents at the Home for Incurables.

### "I CAN DIE HAPPY."

"I have seen the Queen; I can die happy." So said an old man named Slade, an inmate of the British Home and Hospital for Incurables at Streatham, to which Queen Alexandra paid a visit on Saturday.

The Queen gave him some flowers and spoke a few words of comfort to him as he lay there in a dying condition. Yesterday, after expressing a wish that the flowers should be buried with him, he passed peacefully to his rest, content that in his last moments he had been an object of sweet pity to England's Queen.

The Queen and Princess Victoria arrived at the Home about 4.30. They were received by the officers of the institution, and shown round the wards.

On the balcony was sitting an old man named Stockman, so crippled with rheumatism that he could not remove his cap. He got a companion to do so for him as the Queen approached. The Queen, saying it was too sunny for him, held her parasol over his head, and finding even that inadequate, gently replaced the old man's cap.

In the course of the visit an inmate was observed to be trying to attract the attention of Colonel Brocklehurst, who was in attendance. The colonel recognised her at once as Sister Lees, who had been through the siege of Ladysmith with him. She was paralysed and could not speak.

## RIGHTING A WRONG.

Beck To Be Retried and Acquitted.

Detectives are still engaged in unravelling the mystery which surrounds the imprisonment of Adolph Beck, but we are able to state authoritatively that the officers have proved beyond doubt that Beck has been a victim of mistaken identity, and is innocent of the crimes for which he has recently been convicted.

When Beck comes up for sentence on Monday next, Mr. Bodkin, for the Treasury, will ask the Recorder to rehear the case with a fresh jury. Then fresh evidence will be produced, and his release, in the opinion of those best able to judge, is bound to follow.

The wrongfully convicted man will presumably be unable to get any monetary compensation from the Crown, as there is no fund provided for such purposes, but Beck has never expressed a desire to get money—his sole wish has been to obtain a public recognition of his innocence, and of the fact that he and "Smith" are distinct individuals.

### LIGHT AT LAST.

Now his long-deferred desire will at last be granted.

One of the ladies who appeared against Beck at his last trial told a *Daily Mirror* representative that she is now certain that Beck was not the man who gave her a worthless cheque and borrowed a cab.

"That man had a wart on his eye," she said. "I noticed it particularly, and when I was asked to pick Beck out when he was first arrested he was so much like the man that I looked for the wart. Not seeing it, I thought he had had it removed to disguise himself."

"I am so sorry that he has suffered by the mistake, it has broken my heart," she continued. "I have since identified a man like Beck, and who has got the wart on the eye which I remembered so well."

## LADY'S "BISLEY WOBBLE."

In Spite of It Miss Lewis Beats Her Best Record.

Thirteen hundred odd men and one lady commenced shooting at Bisley on Saturday for the Newspaper competitions.

Interviewed by a representative of the *Mirror* on Saturday Miss Lewis said: "This is my first season of rifle shooting, and as a member of the South London Rifle Club I have practised on the ranges at Staines. I live near there—at Wraybury. I have been coached by last year's winner of the silver medal, and the bronze medal, at Bisley—Private Gray, of the London Scottish—and anything and everything that I know about shooting I owe to him."

"Altogether I have won nine spoons at Staines. I have only shot once before this week at the Bisley range, when the London Scottish let me have a shoot at their targets. My score in the Ince yesterday was not any credit to me, for I had got an attack of the 'Bisley Wobbles.'"

"The score I made this morning in the 'Daily Graphic' is my best effort, 30 having been my previous best." For shooting purposes Miss Lewis wears a tweed costume with the jacket fitted with leather elbows and shoulders.

## IS FLORENCE MAYBRICK GUILTY?

A Happy Match—Her Love Dies—Drifting to Sin—"I Hate My Husband"—"Never Enter These Doors Again."

### SECOND ARTICLE.

Florence Maybrick was sentenced to death at the Liverpool Assizes on the 7th August, 1889, for the murder of her husband.

The medical witnesses for the prosecution declared that James Maybrick died of arsenical poisoning, an irritant poison, probably arsenic.

Sir Charles Russell, Mrs. Maybrick's counsel, took the extraordinary step of writing to the Home Secretary and complaining of the Judge's summing-up.

In the first article on Saturday we described the causes which led the Home Secretary to advise the Queen to grant a reprieve.

We also summarised the efforts which have been made both here and from America to secure a free pardon.

The contention of Mrs. Maybrick's defenders is twofold.

They assert that it was never proved that she administered any poison.

They also maintain that it was never proved that James Maybrick died of arsenical poisoning.

Mrs. Maybrick was the daughter of an American barrister named Chandler. She was educated on the Continent, her mother having married a German baron.

In 1880 the family was in America on law business.

On their return they met James Maybrick, who sprained his ankle on the ship.

Florence Chandler nursed him, and soon after the voyage married him at St. James's, Piccadilly.

Mr. and Mrs. Maybrick married, after a very short acquaintance, but they do not seem to have been any the less happy on that account. Indeed, for seven years their friends might have been excused for assuming that their marriage was an exception to the general rule. Shipboard courtships rarely end in matrimony or happiness. It is easy to fall in love on a steamer, and still easier to fall out of it. Indeed, the French, who have reduced love to an art, and knowledge of love to a science, regard the amour de voyage as only one of the numerous forms of flirtation.

### A CONFIRMED BACHELORE.

When he arrived in Liverpool, Mr. Maybrick, who was a man with many friends, and had been regarded as a confirmed bachelor, found that these friends gave him every opportunity of examining his feelings before he plunged into matrimony. Some of them frankly tried to dissuade him, and his own brother did not approve of a marriage so suddenly undertaken. It was not only men who opposed the match, for he was good-looking, not so much youthful in appearance as well preserved, and, to use the popular phrase, he "had a way with him."

When, shortly after the conclusion of the voyage, he visited the Baroness von Rogues and her daughter in Paris, he had perhaps cooled a little, but, at the sight of Miss Chandler, love, as the poet says, came back to his vacant dwelling. All the available testimony goes to prove that the match was happy. Several witnesses gave evidence before the magistrates that they always appeared to be a thoroughly well-mated couple till the evening of March 29, 1889—the day of the Grand National. More important is the statement of Sir Charles Russell, who said in one of his speeches for the defence that there had been "difficulties of a minor character, but no serious difficulties." In fact, it was a very ordinary marriage, and in its earlier years the exercise of a little good sense removed any possibility of dispute.

They were in comfortable circumstances. They were able to keep four servants and a large house. In the records of the case we find that they went racing a good deal, and there is mention of visits to Harrogate, Colwyn, Llangollen, and London. In her own right Mrs. Maybrick had about £125 a year, derived from her New York grandfather's estate, and at a certain critical period in her life, she described herself as not being particular about the price of a bedroom and sitting-room which she occupied in a London hotel. This goes to prove that she was not kept short of money and had a great deal more than her own to spend.

### BOTH LOVERS OF PLEASURE.

In disposition husband and wife were not unsuited to one another. It is quite evident that they were both lovers of pleasure, and in the habit of going pleasure-hunting together.

The facts already given show something of Mrs. Maybrick's character. Travelling as she did in her youth from boarding-house to boarding-house on the Continent, she must have picked up a fairly extensive knowledge of life. It is not unfair to assume that she took her ending part in whatever society she found herself—the interest excited on the ship by her nursing of Mr. Maybrick is enough

(Continued on page 12.)



## SPENDTHRIFT MARQUIS.

### Bankruptcy Proceedings Pending Against Lord Anglesey.

#### VICTIM OF USURERS.

A Holyhead correspondent telegraphs: "For some days it has been rumoured in Anglesey circles that bankruptcy proceedings are to be instituted against the Marquis of Anglesey."

"The truth of the rumour has now been verified; Mr. T. R. Evans, solicitor, of Holyhead, having received instructions from one of the largest creditors to institute bankruptcy proceedings forthwith."

"Mr. Evans holds in his hands a petition in bankruptcy for a very large sum of money. It is alleged that exorbitant interest has been charged by money-lending creditors, and that this petition will materially alter the aspect of the noble Marquis's financial affairs."

In the commonplace, concisely-worded pages of an auctioneer's catalogue, Messrs. Dew and Son, of Bangor, have set forth the wonderful contents of that modern Aladdin's palace, Anglesey Castle. Commencing July 29, they will offer at auction the extraordinary collection of personal effects and jewels gathered together by that picturesque spendthrift, Lord Anglesey, in the course of his fantastic career. In little over three years he has spent over a million of money in personal adornment and in vanities more than feminine.

£10,000 for a scarf-pin.  
£2,500 for a motor-car.  
£1,000 for an overcoat.  
£500 for a walking-stick.  
£250 for a pug-dog.

#### Hats Without Number.

These are samples of his extravagances, and yet they give but a poor idea of the reckless manner in which he squandered his inheritance. He simply poured out money in the purchase of clothes and jewels. Nine hundred lots of costly garments, some of them most curiously designed, and strange in colours and pattern, will be offered for sale, as well as an incredible number of hats, walking-sticks, boots, and jewelled shoes and slippers. The walking-sticks are nearly all studded with precious stones, and the wood for their manufacture was brought from all quarters of the globe.

Of jewels and precious stones of every description there is countless profusion. It is impossible to estimate what these will fetch at the auction, but most of the Marquis's wasted thousands were spent in this direction. In addition to his £10,000 scarf-pin, which is set with a single pearl, the most notable items are two other pins, which cost £4,000 and £1,000 respectively; a diamond and ruby pin that cost £1,300; besides scores worth from £300 to £1,000. Many of the rings are valued at £1,000 each, and one snake ring, diamond and turquoise, cost £1,500. In the same category are hundreds of charms, curious and costly, purchased in all quarters of the earth.

#### Gorgeous Stage Apparel.

On his stage costumes, which are famed for being the most gorgeous and expensive ever worn, the noble Marquis lavished many thousands of pounds. The tassels and strings of diamonds and other precious stones with which these costumes were adorned will also be offered for sale, but whether they will realise anything like the fabulous amounts their owner paid for them is doubtful, as it has been stated that many of them have been discovered to be paste.

The furniture and decorations of Anglesey Castle are as sensational as anything connected with the Marquis, and these alone will attract many curious people to the sale, to which it is quite probable excursion trips will be arranged by the railway companies.

#### One Sale to Last a Month.

At present a series of eight sales are announced. The first is fixed for July 29, the second, August 3 and 4, the third August 5, the fourth, August 9 and 10, the fifth, August 12, the sixth, August 16, 17, and 18, the seventh, August 24, 25, and 26, and the eighth, September 6 to 10.

Then a sale which will last a whole month will conclude this sensational auction. The date of this will be announced later. Subsequently, Beaudesert, the Staffordshire seat of the Anglesey family, will be sold.

#### TRIUMPH OF ENDURANCE.

The foundation stone of the new buildings for the Working Men's College in Crowndale-road, St. Pancras, was laid on Saturday by the Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Princess. In the course of an address, Mr. Lytton, the Colonial Secretary, said he had frequently delivered lectures on law to working men in that college, and had been much embarrassed by the questions put to him. One of his pupils had to be up at 3.30 each morning to attend the market, and yet managed to keep awake to listen to his (Mr. Lytton's) lectures at 9 p.m.

## BICYCLES FOR NOTHING.

### How "Daily Mirror" Readers May Get New Machines.

A good bicycle is a good thing, but best of all is a bicycle that costs nothing. Londoners who are bicycle-less, and who hunger after the sweets of the country in this dusty weather, have an opportunity of getting a first-class machine free of cost next Thursday.

On that day the *Daily Mirror* will present first-class machines, fully fitted up, to its readers.

There will be no tedious rules to read, no troublesome puzzles to solve. The cycles will be actually on the streets, and all readers have to do is to ride them home.

There will be no doubt about which they are. Each machine will have a *Mirror* representative in attendance, and will have the name of the paper plainly stamped on the framework.

Further particulars of this remarkable scheme for the enjoyment of *Mirror* readers will be announced from day to day.

All that anybody who wants a bicycle has to do is to read the particulars of the scheme, which will appear in the *Daily Mirror*.

## SEA GIVES UP ITS DEAD.

### Mystery of the Lost Diplomatist at Length Solved.

The mystery of the lost American diplomatist, Mr. F. Kent Loomis, has been dissipated in a mournful fashion. His body, after a lapse of nearly four weeks, was on Saturday found washed ashore on the Devonshire coast near Kingsbridge.

Mr. Kent Loomis, who was the brother of the Acting Secretary of State at Washington, left New York on the Kaiser Wilhelm II, on June 14, accompanied by Mr. Ellis, a coloured gentleman. Mr. Loomis was travelling to Paris, en route to Djibouti, having been entrusted with a diplomatic mission to Abyssinia.

It was stated afterwards by some of the passengers that Mr. Loomis went ashore at Plymouth in the tug early in the morning on Monday the 20th, but this was not generally credited at the time, as he was not missed by his friend, Mr. Ellis, until the liner reached Cherbourg on the Monday.

#### No Important Papers Found.

The clothes on the body correspond with those Mr. Loomis was wearing when he disappeared, namely, a dark blue suit and grey overcoat, and in the pockets were found English and American notes, coins, a gold watch, and cards bearing the name "F. Kent Loomis." There was also a receipt for membership fee of the Blenheim Club, but no important papers were found.

Mr. G. Stevens, the American Consul at Plymouth, has identified the remains as those of Mr. Loomis, and says that an abrasion was found under the right ear.

The inquest will be held at noon to-day.

## LORD MILNER AGREES.

### Funeral of Mr. Kruger To Take Place in the Transvaal.

Mr. Kruger is to be laid to rest beside his wife in Pretoria, Lord Milner and the Transvaal Government having given the necessary permission.

General Botha issued a notice at Pretoria on Saturday calling upon all officials and burghers of the late republic to observe yesterday as a day of mourning. He also asks them to go into mourning for thirty days.

He says Mr. Kruger's death is the more sad because in his last days he was not permitted to see his country and people, and continues: "We shall always feel his deeply, but we shall keep silent."

Mrs. Eloff, daughter of Mr. Kruger, has received telegrams of condolence from M. Loubet, ex-President Steyn, the Mayor of Pretoria, the majority of the former Consuls of the Transvaal Republic, and a number of private persons.

The Municipal Council of Paris has also decided to send an expression of its admiration and condolence.

## A NEW GLADSTONE STORY.

Liverpool on Saturday honoured one of her most distinguished sons by unveiling a statue of Mr. Gladstone.

It is bronze, ten feet high, the work of Mr. T. Brock, R.A.

Earl Spencer, who performed the unveiling in St. John's Gardens, adjoining St. George's Hall, said there were few men who knew Mr. Gladstone as well as he did.

When Mr. Canning first came for election to Liverpool—which four times returned him to Parliament—when he was the guest of Mr. Gladstone's father, the bay was brought down to the dining-room, placed on a chair, and made use of the words, "Ladies and gentlemen."

These words might be called the fruit germ of the political orations of Mr. Gladstone.

## KING'S BUSY WEEK.

### His Majesty's State Visits to Liverpool and Wales.

The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, according to the programme, will have a busy time next week in attending important functions in various parts of the country.

The heat wave has no effect upon his Majesty, who appears in the best of health and seems to really enjoy his arduous duties.

To-morrow their Majesties go to Liverpool, and after luncheon at the Town Hall drive through the gaily-decorated streets in open state carriages to the site of the new cathedral.

The King will lay the foundation-stone and receive addresses, and afterwards drive to the Prince's landing-stage, where the royal yacht will be in waiting alongside to embark their Majesties for Swansea.

The royal yacht is due to leave the landing-stage and arrive alongside the dock quay in Swansea at 11.30 on Wednesday morning.

During the day his Majesty will cut the first sod of the new dock, and start the steam navy, which will be kept at work until the first gale has been felt. The street of the famous Welsh seaport will be decorated and lined with seamen from the warships and local Volunteers with bands.

On Thursday their Majesties will again travel over the London and North-Western and Cambrian Railways to Rhayader Valley, where the King will formally open the new great works.

The royal party will return to London by train on Thursday evening, and on Friday the King will open the new exhibition-room of the Royal Horticultural Society at Westminster. The Queen will present certificates to the nurses at Buckingham Palace on Friday afternoon.

## VANISHING VOLUNTEERS.

### Remarkable Shrinkage in London's Citizen Army.

Since Mr. Arnold-Forster announced in his speech the proposal to reduce the Volunteer forces from 250,000 to 200,000, he has furnished details showing the shrinkage which has actually occurred in London's citizen soldiers.

The return given by the Secretary of State for War is as follows:—

	July 1, 1891.	July 1, 1903.
1st London Volunteer Rifle Corps (City of London Rifle Volunteer Brigade).....	1,027	588
12th Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps (Queen's).....	1,777	1,163
14th Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps (Tans Court).....	727	447
12th Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps (City Service).....	1,028	840
7th Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps (London Scottish).....	1,035	640
19th Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps (St. Giles's and St. George's).....	1,026	618
16th Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps (London Irish).....	1,106	807
80th Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps (Artists).....	1,076	570
Honourable Artillery Company.....	861	500
Royal Garrison Artillery.....	2,995	1,870
Royal Engineers.....	3,164	3,370
Royal Army Medical Corps.....	29,887	25,028
Total.....	46,021	35,419
Shrinkage.....		10,602

## WHAT WILL PASSENGERS SAY?

### Legal Proceedings May Stop Great Western Expresses.

The millers on the River Tone, near Taunton, have taken action against the Great Western Railway Company, which, if successful, will prevent the company from running any express trains to the West of England.

The millers claim that the constantly increasing abstraction of water from the river for feeding the locomotive troughs laid on the lines was doing their business a serious injury.

When the application for an injunction was made at the Bristol Assizes on Saturday the counsel for the company claimed that their statutory powers enabled them to run the river dry if they paid compensation for the damage done.

If an injunction was immediately acted upon, not a single train could run through to the West until other arrangements for watering the locomotives had been made.

The jury found for the plaintiffs, and an injunction was granted against the Great Western, subject to stay pending an appeal. The damages will be assessed by the arbitrator. The application of the millers has caused considerable excitement in railway circles.

## 5,000 CAMP OUT.

A telegram from Warsaw states that at Przyska, in Russian Poland, 400 houses and three manufacturing plants have been destroyed by fire. Five thousand persons have been rendered homeless, and are camping in the open air.

## JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

### What Jules and His Wife Think of London Girls.

## JOYS OF HAM AND EGGS.

"Vive everybody and everything!"

This, expressed in various enthusiastic forms of French idiom, was the prevailing sentiment among the French visitors, members of the Society of "L'Art pour Tous," who left London on Saturday after a brief and happy sojourn in the English capital.

They were delighted with London, with its immensity, its colossal traffic, even its blackness. The only thing that disappointed them, perhaps, was the climate.

To the Parisian working man's imagination London is the city of dread night. There the sun never shines, there is always a murky sky, and people go about with gloom on their faces and thoughts of suicide in their hearts.

That is the Parisian legend. The blazing reality of summer in London quite upset an ideal of poor Jules.

"Parbleu!" he exclaimed, with a sense of injury. "One has told me in London the sun never shines. And regard how it makes effacement hot. What am I to say to my friends? I must tell them I have been in London, and have not seen the only thing worth seeing there—a fog. Franchement, c'est dommage!"

Still, though disappointed in this respect, the visitors, as they went off from Victoria amid much waving of handkerchiefs, were very pleased with everything else. They had had an excellent time, and, except that they did not admire the English licensing laws, were enthusiastic.

#### Concerning Girls.

The English breakfast was one feature of our island Jules loved. The English girl was another. She was various things which required enthusiastic French adjectives and much movement of the shoulders.

She was "gracieuse," she was "fine," "jolie," "chic," etc. Her complexion was superb—on this point their adjectives would have done credit to a soap advertisement. However, Jules had to confess the average English girl was "a little—comment dit-on?—cold."

"At the 'otel," he said, "I see a charming girl. I run to the door to open it for her. She not bow, she not smile. She look straight in front of her, as if she regard nuzzling nearer than two hundred mile off."

She was rare cold, glacial. A Frenchwoman, she would smile, she would bow, she would say: "Merci, M'sieu. It is prettier, I think."

Madame was less enthusiastic than her husband, naturally.

She was rare pretty," was her verdict of the English girl, "her complexion is better than ours, but— with a toss of the head, and a meaning glance at Jules—"she not know how to hold her skirt. She either hold it too high in front and let it drag behind, or she hold it up in a bundle. It should be folded gracefully—so," and Madame showed how it should be done.

Jules changed to a less delicate subject. "Your police, he is good," he exclaimed. "He hold up one finger, and all the traffic stop tout-a-coup—in Paris he make gesture and swear, and the cocher, he laugh at him. English policeman is never laughed at."

On Saturday Jules saw the Wallace Collection and the National Gallery. He lunched with the Mayor of Westminster, who was not, it had to be explained to him, a "Lor' Maire," except in ambition, and then was taken to the Tower.

This he really did appreciate. He had nothing like this in Paris. When Jules came to Queen Victoria's crown, with its 3,000 diamonds, he could do nothing but exclaim: "Hein," and stare at it with his mouth open.

Jules left London with regret. He will come again, he said, "Vare soon."

## MAD BUT MERRY.

Lunatics are never more sane than in their amusements. As at Colney Hatch on Saturday the inmates were enjoying their annual fête, there were many who did not appear so mad as they doubtless really were. Possibly they had put their madness on one side for the day, the better to appreciate the entertainment.

There was every possible kind of merrymaking—acrobatic feats, wire walking, high-kicking, singing, a Punch and Judy show, a negro sketch, and a variety show.

Some of the entertainers who ventured on playful badinage came to the conclusion that it was among the Colney Hatch inmates is chiefly passed in hatching felicitous impromptu repartees.

The laugh was but seldom on the side of the professional mummer, but more frequently on that of the "simple-minded" patients.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is now out of danger.

A fire has been raging in the Ardennes Forest for three days, and a village is seriously threatened.



## WIFE AS DIVORCE K.C.

## Brother Acts as Detective in His Sister's Suit.

It is not often that the Divorce Court sees a petitioner, respondent, or co-respondent appear "in person," and very rarely indeed, when a "party" does dispense with counsel, is that party a woman.

A woman stood up before Sir Francis Jeune on Saturday when the case of Hewitt v. Hewitt was "called on," and announced that she was the Mrs. Hewitt who was bringing the suit, and that she had no counsel to help her.

Mrs. Hewitt thus, although she did not create a precedent, did a thing that has not been done for many law terms.

The law petitioner who so daringly transgressed conventionalities was not in any way a new woman, or a mannish woman; she was a little, timid dame with a low voice and a very naive, simple manner.

The President at once took pity on her counselless state, and by a few kindly questions helped her to begin her story.

She had been deserted, she half said out, half whispered. Her husband had gone to live with another woman and had left her penniless. "I met him and told him I was destitute," she added, "and he replied that he loved the other woman." "Was he cruel to you?" asked the President, and poor, frightened Mrs. Hewitt could only say that she had been told that her husband's failure to maintain her was "cruelty."

## Weak Point in the Plea.

Then the President looked very grave, and explained to her that he could only give a divorce for misconduct, combined with cruelty or desertion. Mrs. Hewitt must either prove that her husband had deserted her for two years, or that he had been cruel to her in the legal sense.

So Mrs. Hewitt had to retire from the witness-box protesting that she was unable to get a solicitor to support herself in her present position.

Then her brother came unexpectedly to the rescue. He was in a position to prove cruelty. He had seen Mr. Hewitt strike his wife, and had seen him "run her downstairs" with a poker. Mrs. Hewitt, being counselless, had had nobody to tell her that her case was thoroughly complete.

Yet she was not able to take immediate advantage of what her brother proved, for in her petition she had not mentioned the act of cruelty detailed by him.

"You have proved your case," said the President, "but you must amend your petition, and get it served on your husband again. Then I shall be able to give you a divorce."

Mrs. Hewitt's brother had said that after his sister had been "run downstairs with a poker" he had left the house, where he was a lodger, in hopes that his absence would allow the quarrel to be made up.

## Lurking Behind a Bush.

But what the young man went on to say showed that he had done his very best for his sister. He had acted the part of private detective in watching Mr. Hewitt.

"I asked him one day," he told the President, "to take a walk down the Rye (Peckham Rye) with me, and he said, 'I have got to go into a public-house to make a deal with a certain party.' Then I secluded myself behind a bush near his house, and saw a woman kiss him when he arrived very soon afterwards. I stopped all night, and saw the same woman kiss him when he went away. She was a woman whose husband allowed her £2 a week to keep away from him."

After this eloquent testimony on her behalf Mrs. Hewitt left the court, hopefully, intending to take the President's advice and get her amateur detective brother to serve an amended petition on her husband.

## YOUNG MAN'S LOST FORTUNE.

"I am quite sure you have taken the wisest course," Mr. Justice Warrington said in the Chancery Division on Saturday when Mr. Abel Thomas, K.C., announced that certain terms had been agreed to between the parties in the action brought by Mr. Gray, the self-confessed spendthrift, with the object of recovering £40,000 from Mr. John, a Cardiff hotel proprietor, and a solicitor named Rees. It was also stated that the young man was induced to part with his fortune through the undue influence of the defendants, and it was also part of the plea that Mr. Gray had spent £23 a day in drink at the defendant's hotel.

Mr. Thomas asked, on behalf of the plaintiff, that his lordship should enter judgment for the plaintiff for £23,000, with costs. In the alternative, plaintiff should have the option of having the farm free of mortgage and the costs.

With regard to Rees, Mr. Thomas added he had known him for many years, and was sure he was never intentionally guilty of fraud. It had been agreed to withdraw all charges of fraud against him.

M. Leboudy, "Emperor of the Sahara," has taken a villa at Tatra-Lomnitz, a well-known Hungarian watering-place.

Sir John Dorrington, Bart., member for Tewkesbury, announced that he is unable again to contest the seat owing to failing strength.

## "I AM READY TO DIE."

## Murderer Anxious To Pay the Penalty for a Crime Committed Under the Tyranny of Passion.

"I am ready to die."

The words came firmly and without a trace of emotion from the lips of a young miner at Durham Assizes on Saturday. A remarkable murder case had culminated in a hardly less remarkable trial.

Little more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed from the time George Breeze, who murdered Mrs. Margaret Chisholm at Seaham Harbour, had been placed in the dock until he left it again under sentence of death.

He unhesitatingly pleaded "guilty" when the charge was read over to him. His voice betrayed none of the passionate emotion which found such vivid expression in his written confession of the crime. There was nothing in his demeanour to suggest that he did not fully realise his position. In fact, the prison surgeon went into the witness-box and stated that, after keeping observation on Breeze, he considered that he was quite cognisant of what he was doing.

On this evidence the jury found that the accused man was fit to plead, and Mr. Justice Grantham proceeded to ask him if he wished to say anything.

"READY TO DIE."

"I am ready to die at any moment. I am not sorry for what I have done." In making this reply Breeze was only maintaining the attitude of indifference to his fate which he had shown throughout.

The Judge wished to be assured that the prisoner fully understood. "You still say you are guilty?" he asked.

"Yes; quite guilty."

"And you don't want to be defended?" his lordship added.

"No."

It was the same when the Clerk of Arraigns put the customary question before the Judge passed sentence. "There is nothing to say," Breeze answered. "I am ready to die at any moment if you have mind to pass sentence of death upon me. It is no use being sorry when the time is done."

In passing sentence, the Judge remarked that the accused had intentionally pleaded guilty, and refused the service of counsel, knowing that the result must be the sentence of death. The condition of his mind at the time of the murder might be in

some doubt, but if there was any doubt as to what his condition was it could be inquired into, notwithstanding the sentence it was his duty to pass. Occasionally during the proceedings a smile had crossed Breeze's face, and as the solemn concluding words of his sentence were spoken he smiled once more. "I thank you very much, my lord. I hope there will be no reprieve."

With this brief, final speech, the condemned man left the dock, stepping firmly to his cell.

The circumstances of the crime for which Breeze has been sentenced to death were briefly as follows:—He lodged with a fellow-miner named Chisholm. The two were good friends and were members of the same football club. On the 6th of this month, Breeze murdered Mrs. Chisholm and gave himself up to the police. "I strangled her," he told them. "She told me that her husband told her that he was jealous of us two, and that she wished she was dead. I said, 'Would there be any harm in me killing you?' She said, 'I don't care; I don't think you would; you have not the heart.' I then strangled her."

## EMOTIONAL CONFESSION.

He also produced the following remarkable confession in writing:—

"I, the undersigned, confess that I killed Meg Ashworth, legally Mrs. Chisholm, in a fit of mad passion, driven to desperation by her handsome face. She made me do what God never ordained man to do. Still, as the world goes merrily round, some must be happy and some miserable."

"It makes your mind uneasy when you see the only woman you ever loved married to another to be tortured by the pangs of hunger, while he enjoys the pleasures of this cruel, heartrending world. Then take my advice, shun his evil company. If you don't your life will be a constant plague."

"It is a hobby to take a young girl as a wife and leave her to the just deserts of this avaricious world. When life is young some say that all the money in the world is not to be bought by its sweetness, but money could not have bought my sweetness, because when you are poor you are trampled upon like a worm, while others trample upon velvet carpets."

"When the time comes I will be ready to go to the scaffold, taking three steps at a time, and also put the rope round my own neck, because I know that we are both to meet where there is plenty, and no one to laugh and jeer."

## LAST LOOK AT HIS BABY.

## Contrasts in the Emotions of Two Faithless Husbands.

My Dear Lizzie,—I have nothing to say, no excuses to make. I should like one thing only—just once to see the little chap.

To ask for forgiveness would be like trying to fly out to sea. See the baby I must and shall some day. There is no excuse I can offer. I must make the consequences.

The above letter was read in the Divorce Court on Saturday.

It was written to the dark-eyed, good-looking petitioner, Mrs. Elizabeth Hornsby, by the husband who deserted her to live with another woman.

Mr. Hornsby did not "see the little chap again," for the child died before he could carry out the intention he expressed so fervently.

When he heard that his wife had lost her baby as well as her husband, he wrote:—

My Dear Lizzie,—It is with the saddest of sad hearts that I write to you. Oh, heavens! Can I ever in the world atone for the wrong I have done to one who was so pure and innocent?

But in spite of this remorse Sir Francis Jeune granted Mrs. Hornsby a decree nisi.

## Bleoped With His Wife's Friend.

Two other remarkable letters written by a husband who had deserted his wife to elope with another woman were read in the course of the case "Lord v. Lord."

Mr. Lord left his home to live with a young woman who was formerly a lodger and friend of his.

To the parents of this young woman, Jessie Carter, he wrote:—

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Carter,—It is for your daughter's and my happiness that I have done this. Don't write anything cross to Jessie. I don't intend to lose her now I have got her. And then in another letter he said:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Carter,—I never knew what love was until I loved your daughter. For God's sake, let her stop with me. Nobody will ever know she is not my wife.

"When I remonstrated with him," said Mrs. Lord, a buxom, self-possessed young woman who seemed quite at home in the witness-box, "for taking Jessie Carter to places of amusement when I was away, he replied, 'There was nothing wrong; I don't want two women. She has been my sweetheart, and I have my wife. I only took her out for company.'"

Mrs. Lord was given her decree nisi.

## PAWNING HIS HEAD.

## How a London Cabby Tided Over a Financial Crisis.

There is a cabman in London whose head is not his own. This does not quite mean that he has lost his head. It is his and it is not his.

In a freakish mood nature gave him a very big head, of the dolichocephalic order, and when the cabman dies his cranium becomes the possession of one of the infirmaries.

During the recent cab strike, when fares were few and he was hard pressed for cash, the cabman conceived the idea of selling his head. Having read in the papers of traffic done in dead bodies, it occurred to the resourceful cabman that his peculiarly-shaped and ponderous head might be of some value to medical science.

Being an old man, he imagined that a price offered for his head should be greater because of the prospect of his soon having done with it in the ordinary course.

## Keen Rivalry for the Cranium.

The doctors to whom he made the old proposal were enthusiastic over the idea of getting the interesting "subject," and they bid up to £5 for it, when cabby should die.

The cabman accepted the offer, and thus put his head in pawn, on the clear understanding that he should, of course, have the use of it as long as he lived. There was no vivisection clause in the contract.

In an interview with a *Mirror* representative the cabman said it was the best day's work he had ever done, and he wished he had more heads to dispose of on the same footing.

"You see," he said, "it makes no difference to me, except that I was made £5 richer. I don't say I have that 'fiver' now, but it tided me over a spell of hard times."

## Considerate Investment.

"I gave £4 10s. to the missus, and out of the remainder I treated my head to a new hat. It seemed to me that was a sporting thing to do."

Taking off his headgear he said: "This is the hat. I suppose it is the largest size in London. Guess it would fit some of the statues."

By way of paying a compliment to his head, which had stood him in such good stead during a financial crisis, he said he had never had a headache in his life. "Now that's what I call a good head to have."

## THIEF'S FACILITIES.

## How Access to the Nelson Relics was Made Simple.

Every facility was afforded to the thief or thieves who stole the Nelson relics from the Painted Hall, Greenwich, in December, 1900.

That this was the case the Greenwich magistrate elicited on Saturday in the course of evidence given by Inspector Evans, of the Royal Naval College Police, in the charge against the young seaman Carter, who was committed for trial at the conclusion of the hearing. He is accused of stealing and receiving the missing relics.

The inspector described the condition of the Hall at the time of the robbery, and how the thief who stole the relics might have escaped. Workmen had been busy there during the week on the roof, and a piece of rope hanging from the roof to the ground was found.

The Magistrate: Every arrangement seemed to have been made for the convenience of a thief?—Yes.

The tools were there to break the cases open?—Yes.

A place was made where a thief could hide?—Yes.

A window was left open where he could escape?—Yes.

A chair was there to enable him to escape?—Yes.

And there was also a rope at the end?—Yes.

A workman might have been the thief, then?—Yes.

An Admiralty clerk said that the value of the watch and seal, which had been recovered, was anything between £500 and £1,000. It was purchased in 1845 by the Marchioness of Westminster for £500, and had been in possession of the Admiralty since 1861.

SOMETHING  
FOR  
YOUR  
HOLIDAY

See page 2.

On arriving at Queenstown from New York on Saturday, the White Star steamer Celtic reported that a steerage passenger named Hugh Keenan jumped overboard on July 9. A boat was lowered and the man rescued, but later the same day he committed suicide by hanging himself.



## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

## THE CITY.

Nine tramps suffering from small-pox have been admitted to the Clainley Hospital, Chapel-in-Frith.

A defendant in a milk case at Ruabon, who vouched that his milk was as it came from the cow, asked the magistrates to milk the cows themselves and analyse the milk.

Including those registered in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Middlesex, which are in daily use in London, there must, says "Motoring," be at least ten or twelve thousand motor-cars using the London thoroughfares.

## PRIZE THAMES GARDEN.

Sunbury Lock boasts the most beautiful lock garden on the Thames this season, and Frederick Wilson, the lock-keeper, has just been awarded first prize for it by the Conservators.

Second prize went to G. Williams, Old Windsor; third to J. Basson, Chertsey; and fourth to W. Franks, Romsey.

## TIRED OF LIFE AT FOURTEEN.

Because her mother had smacked her, Margaret Chapman, aged fourteen, said "Good-bye" to a girl friend and jumped into the Manchester Canal. She was rescued by a collier, and at the police court remanded for a week.

## BITING AS AN ARGUMENT.

John Meredith has an extraordinary way of convincing a political opponent. He had a heated discussion with William Lloyd during the Ludlow Parliamentary election. This led to a scuffle, in the course of which Lloyd's finger was so badly bitten that it had to be amputated.

For this Meredith was at the Shropshire Assizes sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

## FOUR SONS THE ATTRACTION.

It seems difficult to see why the "four grown-up sons" should be mentioned in the following advertisement, which appears in a ladies' weekly:—

LADY Companion-Housekeeper for widow lady in poor health, with four grown-up sons living at home; come forth home; three made kept.

Perhaps they are expected to attract the lady companion.

## A "SCOTCH" MARRIAGE.

"I always supposed I was his wife until it was decided a few days ago that I wasn't," said Martha Leach at the West London Police Court on Saturday.

But a short time ago Leach and Robert Patterson, superintendent of the Hammersmith Borough Electricity Works, were parties in the "Scotch Marriage" case, when Mr. Lane, K.C., decided that complainant was not Patterson's wife.

On Saturday she summoned him for the maintenance of their child. Defendant did not appear, and an order was made for £s. a week.

## "AN IRISHMAN'S ADMISSION."

"I've never done anything like it before," said James O'Brien when arrested on a charge of theft. "Then you admit you did it?" asked the policeman.

"That is an Irishman's admission," answered O'Brien.

At the Westminster Police Court, William Barry, aged eighty, said that O'Brien had snatched his tobacco-box, in which he had £4, his quarter's pension, and he asked the magistrate to assist him, as the loss had left him penniless.

O'Brien was remanded, and the magistrate ordered the old pensioner to be given a little assistance. "But don't give him much," he said; "it is apparently not safe to trust him with much."

## COMING TO MARRY A LORD.

Mrs. Marion Knapp, of California, widow of a wealthy American, has sailed for England to be married to Lord Bateman.

The wedding is expected to take place this week at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, London, under special licence.

It is stated that the marriage will be solemnised in London instead of New York, to escape the crowd of pushing men and women sightseers that now invariably besiege American churches whenever a wedding of notable persons takes place.

## OBJECTIONS TO SCHOOL SLATES.

In a letter to the Edmonton School Board the Board of Education state that they object to the use of slates in schools because (1) they present the wrong surface for writing, and involve the use of the wrong instrument. (2) They are insanitary and likely to propagate disease on account of the dirty habits that are inseparable from their use. (3) Children using them sit in lolling and slovenly attitudes, and are apt to write down in a hurry what first occurs to them, as mistakes are easily rectified. (4) They render revision of the work impossible, and thus prevent any regular records of progress being kept.

Burnley's Corporation has received £15 for the loan of whitewash brushes, of which 4,541 were borrowed by ratcatchers.

For cutting cushions on the Metropolitan Railway Thomas Parsons, a labourer, was at the Mansion House sentenced to seven days' imprisonment.

For pulling down the British flag hoisted by a Scotoman over his house at Long Island on Independence Day, Sergeant Montgomery, a States artilleryman, has been fined £5 at New York.

"I did not hit him with a poker," said Leonard Train, of Canning Town, with much indignation. But it was afterwards found that he had hit the prosecutor, William Bunnele, with a chair leg. The magistrate said he saw no great difference, and fined Train 20s.

## DEATH ON THE SHIP.

The Liverpool ship *Motiven*, from Adelaide, has arrived at Queenstown fever-stricken. Her master, Captain Jones, died on May 8, and a seaman previously, from typhoid fever. Two more members of the crew are suffering from the disease.

## TOO HOT FOR PRISON.

When sentenced to three years' penal servitude at Newcastle-under-Lyme, John Bailey, a burglar, appeared in court in a sack, having destroyed his clothing.

"Life is too short to be wasted in gaol," he said. "Besides, it's too hot to go to prison."

## CAT GAVE THE ALARM.

The squalling of a cat followed by the barking of a dog attracted the attention of a watchman at the docks, Ipswich.

He went towards the noise, and discovered that the animal had been frightened by an outbreak of fire in a ship's chandler's store. Before it could be extinguished fifteen buildings, covering an acre of land, were ablaze, and damage to the value of £6,000 was done.

## TOASTED FRIENDS IN POISON.

"Good luck to you all," said William Green, of Peckham, raising one of the late Queen's Jubilee mugs to his lips.

The cup contained spirits of salts, and a few minutes later he was dead.

At Saturday's inquest it was stated that Green, who was a hawker, had been strange in his manner ever since he was released from Colney Hatch Asylum twelve months ago. He had threatened suicide, and attempted to strangle his wife.

Suicide while mentally deranged was the verdict.

## FIRE HEROES HONOURED.

Twelve fire engines, eight horsed escapes, and 240 officers and men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade gave the annual display at Peckham Ryce on Saturday afternoon.

After an inspection the men were drawn up, and medals and certificates were distributed by Mrs. J. Williams Benn, silver medals for extraordinary bravery being awarded to third-class firemen T. J. Lloyd and Evan George.

The horsed-escape division then went through a drill, including rescues from two temporary towers erected in the grounds, which afterwards were played upon by the fire engines; and the proceedings concluded with a gallop past of the various appliances.

Several distinguished people were among the great crowd that witnessed the display.

## INQUEST WITHOUT A BODY.

At Willington, near Bishop Auckland, there has been a strange dispute between a coroner and his jury.

Henry Todd fell into a furnace, and his body was cremated, all that was found being a fragment of skin.

The jury were of opinion that as there was no body there could be no inquest. The coroner, however, replied that it would make a difference to the minister or the undertaker, but not to a coroner.

He altered the form of the usual oath to deal with the case, omitting the words "now lying dead" by which you shall view, and substituting the words "whose body has been consumed by fire." The jury returned a verdict that deceased was accidentally burned by falling into a furnace.

## WOODEN-LEGGED HERO.

Lawrence Sailing, of Upper Edmonton, who has a wooden leg, plunged into the River Lea at Tottenham and rescued a youth who was seized with cramp while bathing.

For this he was on Saturday awarded the Royal Humane Society's medal. Among others similarly honoured was John Carr, of Newcastle, who has saved many lives. He was given a third class for his medal for saving a youth from drowning in the Tyne.

P.C. Greening, of the metropolitan force, was granted a medal for saving an old man from the Regent's Canal, and another was awarded to Mr. A. Kelly, of the Bristol steamer *Menaic*, for plunging into the shark-infested harbour of Santa Cruz in an attempt to rescue an engineer.

Cricketers all over the world will be wishing "a many happy returns" to the veteran, Dr. W. G. Grace, who attains his fifty-sixth birthday today.

The Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, one of the oldest and largest of the metropolitan playhouses, will be put under the hammer at Tokenhouse Yard next Friday.

For trying to sell a bottle of vinegar and water to another man for 2s., alleging it was whisky, John Shepherd received a month's hard labour at West Ham.

## MUNICIPAL MILK FOR LAMBETH.

After considerable deliberation Lambeth Borough Council has decided to open a municipal depot for the supply of pure new milk for the poor of the borough.

The undertaking will involve an annual expenditure from the rates of £200.

## ENGLISH BAND FOR PARIS.

It is proposed that the famous Lancashire band, "The Besses of the Barn," the winners of the championship of England, shall visit Paris and give several concerts there, the whole of the proceeds to be handed to French charities.

A small committee has been formed to raise the £200 necessary for expenses.

## FIGHT OVER CORONATION CLOCK.

Two years ago the inhabitants of Surbiton subscribed £750 for a clock tower, which was to commemorate the King's Coronation.

But the committee have met and wrangled in vain—the civic fathers cannot agree upon the site for their tower. Surbiton is without its Coronation clock, and seems likely to remain so.

## KILLED BY FALSE TEETH.

In September, 1900, Mrs. Roberts, wife of a Gloucester painter, after an epileptic fit, discovered that she had swallowed her false teeth. She had been more or less unwell ever since, and had been to several hospitals and medical men without success.

She died suddenly, and now the doctor, having made a post-mortem examination, has discovered the teeth embedded in her gullet. An inquest is to be held.

## MADE THE CYCLIST ANGRY.

Detective-sergeant Hawkins stopped a cyclist in the Brighton-road and asked him to account for the possession of his cycle. The explanation not seeming satisfactory, the cyclist, according to the policeman's version, objected to going to the police station and assaulted Hawkins and another detective.

It was afterwards found that the cycle had been lent to the rider, and the Lambeth magistrate said he would naturally feel angry at this being stopped, but fined him £3 for assaulting the police.

## KILLED HER DOG AND HERSELF.

With her husband away and nothing to eat Ellen Regan lay starving and lonely in her room in Gray-street, Lambeth, her only companion being her faithful dog.

Driven to despair by hunger and trouble, she determined on suicide, and sharpened two table knives on a whetstone. Then she cut the dog, of which she was so fond, and cut its throat, and after that she cut her own.

Her landlady, entering the room, found her quite dead in a pool of blood. The dog ran howling from the room, but died a few hours later.

At Saturday's inquest the shocked jury returned a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane.

## 4% to 20% DIVIDEND-PAYERS.

To meet the great demand for a compilation showing at a glance Securities yielding from 4 per cent. to 20 per cent., we have published an

## "INVESTORS' TABLE OF YIELDS."

This volume of 120 pages deals with upwards of 2,000 Securities, including Government, Corporation, British, American, Foreign and Colonial Railway Stocks; Industrial, Finance, Land and Mining Shares, according to the Par Value, the Highest and Lowest Prices, and the percentage yielded per annum by each. The information readily enables the investor to decide which Securities to Buy, or Sell, or to Avoid; how also to select remunerative Investments and thereby increase Income. The book forms a valuable appendix to "Investments," recently published, and will be sent post free to any of our readers mentioning this paper by the

## LONDON &amp; PARIS EXCHANGE, LIMITED.

## GENERAL BANKERS,

## BASILDON HOUSE, BANK, LONDON, E.C.

West End Office—29, CECIL CHAMBERS,  
HOTEL CECIL, STRAND, W.C.

## Heat Affects 'Change—Gilt-Edged Markets Dull—Foreigners Firm.

Saturday's heat was partly responsible for the scanty attendance on the Stock Exchange, and the tone of the market must be considered the more satisfactory in the circumstances, for there was little enough business doing. The gilt-edged market was dull owing to a continuance of pessimism in respect of the money position. The easing off in money rates in banking circles at the close was known in time to influence Stock Exchange business. There is a good deal of discussion on the subject of the new Chinese loan, and the general idea seems to be that, guarantee of the Chinese Government, its issue price is quite high enough for a 5 per cent. net measure of success is interesting to see, therefore, what measure of success is meted out to it by the public.

Generally speaking, foreign securities were satisfactory. Guatemalan, for instance, were a little firmer on the news of the probable early settlement of the debt question. Japanese bonds were, of course, considerably helped by the war news. Copper shares are helped by the more confident feeling in regard to the metal.

Home Rails were a somewhat dull market by reason of the set-back in the gilt-edged securities. The absence of business, of course, had something to do with it; but rises in prices were very few, and the market will have some of the dividend results to land; and dealers are fairly optimistic.

American Rails were put well below the New York equivalent. The injunction obtained on Friday by Mr. Harriman is unfortunately only one step towards the settlement of the Northern Securities case, and the result is somewhat troubled and disposed to let prices down. The close was more confident. But Canadian Rails are fairly firm, and Argentine and Mexican may be nearer the Miscellaneous securities. Brazilian stocks are rather better, although the hop crop news is none too satisfactory after all.

Some buying lack by recent sellers of South African mining shares helped that market, and in the West African section Ashanti Goldfields are recovering after their recent weakness, but other mining shares are mostly dull.

## LATEST MARKET PRICES.

\* \* \* The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for Saturday:

Consols 2½ p.c.	89½	89½	116½	116½
India 3½ p.c.	90½	90½	125½	125½
London C.C. 3½ p.c.	92½	92½	84½	84½
Transvaal Loan	97½	97½	18½	18½
Argentine 1886	101	101	85	85
Do Fundg	101½	101½	128½	128½
Do 4 p.c.	102½	102½	148½	148½
Do 5 p.c.	103½	103½	103½	103½
Do 6 p.c.	104½	104½	40½	40½
Do 7 p.c.	105½	105½	64	64
Do 8 p.c.	106½	106½	81	81
Do 9 p.c.	107½	107½	83	83
Do 10 p.c.	108½	108½	85	85
Do 11 p.c.	109½	109½	87	87
Do 12 p.c.	110½	110½	89	89
Do 13 p.c.	111½	111½	91	91
Do 14 p.c.	112½	112½	93	93
Do 15 p.c.	113½	113½	95	95
Do 16 p.c.	114½	114½	97	97
Do 17 p.c.	115½	115½	99	99
Do 18 p.c.	116½	116½	101	101
Do 19 p.c.	117½	117½	103	103
Do 20 p.c.	118½	118½	105	105
Do 21 p.c.	119½	119½	107	107
Do 22 p.c.	120½	120½	109	109
Do 23 p.c.	121½	121½	111	111
Do 24 p.c.	122½	122½	113	113
Do 25 p.c.	123½	123½	115	115
Do 26 p.c.	124½	124½	117	117
Do 27 p.c.	125½	125½	119	119
Do 28 p.c.	126½	126½	121	121
Do 29 p.c.	127½	127½	123	123
Do 30 p.c.	128½	128½	125	125
Do 31 p.c.	129½	129½	127	127
Do 32 p.c.	130½	130½	129	129
Do 33 p.c.	131½	131½	131	131
Do 34 p.c.	132½	132½	133	133
Do 35 p.c.	133½	133½	135	135
Do 36 p.c.	134½	134½	137	137
Do 37 p.c.	135½	135½	139	139
Do 38 p.c.	136½	136½	141	141
Do 39 p.c.	137½	137½	143	143
Do 40 p.c.	138½	138½	145	145
Do 41 p.c.	139½	139½	147	147
Do 42 p.c.	140½	140½	149	149
Do 43 p.c.	141½	141½	151	151
Do 44 p.c.	142½	142½	153	153
Do 45 p.c.	143½	143½	155	155
Do 46 p.c.	144½	144½	157	157
Do 47 p.c.	145½	145½	159	159
Do 48 p.c.	146½	146½	161	161
Do 49 p.c.	147½	147½	163	163
Do 50 p.c.	148½	148½	165	165
Do 51 p.c.	149½	149½	167	167
Do 52 p.c.	150½	150½	169	169
Do 53 p.c.	151½	151½	171	171
Do 54 p.c.	152½	152½	173	173
Do 55 p.c.	153½	153½	175	175
Do 56 p.c.	154½	154½	177	177
Do 57 p.c.	155½	155½	179	179
Do 58 p.c.	156½	156½	181	181
Do 59 p.c.	157½	157½	183	183
Do 60 p.c.	158½	158½	185	185
Do 61 p.c.	159½	159½	187	187
Do 62 p.c.	160½	160½	189	189
Do 63 p.c.	161½	161½	191	191
Do 64 p.c.	162½	162½	193	193
Do 65 p.c.	163½	163½	195	195
Do 66 p.c.	164½	164½	197	197
Do 67 p.c.	165½	165½	199	199
Do 68 p.c.	166½	166½	201	201
Do 69 p.c.	167½	167½	203	203
Do 70 p.c.	168½	168½	205	205
Do 71 p.c.	169½	169½	207	207
Do 72 p.c.	170½	170½	209	209
Do 73 p.c.	171½	171½	211	211
Do 74 p.c.	172½	172½	213	213
Do 75 p.c.	173½	173½	215	215
Do 76 p.c.	174½	174½	217	217
Do 77 p.c.	175½	175½	219	219
Do 78 p.c.	176½	176½	221	221
Do 79 p.c.	177½	177½	223	223
Do 80 p.c.	178½	178½	225	225
Do 81 p.c.	179½	179½	227	227
Do 82 p.c.	180½	180½	229	229
Do 83 p.c.	181½	181½	231	231
Do 84 p.c.	182½	182½	233	233
Do 85 p.c.	183½	183½	235	235
Do 86 p.c.	184½	184½	237	237
Do 87 p.c.	185½	185½	239	239
Do 88 p.c.	186½	186½	241	241
Do 89 p.c.	187½	187½	243	243
Do 90 p.c.	188½	188½	245	245
Do 91 p.c.	189½	189½	247	247
Do 92 p.c.	190½	190½	249	249
Do 93 p.c.	191½	191½	251	251
Do 94 p.c.	192½	192½	253	253
Do 95 p.c.	193½	193½	255	255
Do 96 p.c.	194½	194½	257	257
Do 97 p.c.	195½	195½	259	259
Do 98 p.c.	196½	196½	261	261
Do 99 p.c.	197½	197½	263	263
Do 100 p.c.	198½	198½	265	265

\* Ex div.

## MR. PLOWDEN ON FIGHTING.

"He threatened to hit me on the nose," said Joseph Hitchens to Mr. Plowden. "If anyone did the same to you, you would hit him the same as I did."

"Oh! Should I?" said the astonished Marylebone magistrate.



## NOTICES TO READERS.

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## Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JULY 18, 1904.

A "SHOCKING THING"  
INDEED.

There are two cases reported in this morning's paper which stand out in striking contrast. One is that of a young man who was left a fortune and used to spend £3 a day on "drinks." The other is that of a poor woman who killed herself in Lambeth, after killing her only companion, a faithful little dog, because, as the evidence showed, she had had no food for days, and preferred suicide to slow starvation.

People who talk glibly about "progress" and "the inestimable benefits of living in a civilised and Christian country" ought to be told they are talking nonsense, so long as men and women can starve in the midst of plenty. Bishops and other less sanctified persons who think it clever to say "they would rather see England free than sober" should be invited to give careful attention to the case of Mr. John Nixon Gray.

What a miserable muddle we seem to have made of things! What a mad world it is that allows a foolish young fellow to waste idiotically the substance which might be keeping many whole families in comfort. One-sixtieth part of what he poured daily into a publican's till would have given the poor Lambeth woman and her poor dog enough, at any rate, to save them from starvation.

The fact is, of course, that most of us are quite unfit to have the control of large sums of money. The reason why we lead fairly moral and sensible lives is that we have not enough money to go in for senseless and immoral pursuits. There may come a day when the State will recognise this, and will only allow people to inherit just enough to live on. If they want more, they will have to earn it, and money that has been earned is seldom foolishly spent.

In the meantime such contrasts as this must continue. They will not be valueless if they set people thinking. There are many evils in this world of ours which might be cured by taking a little thought. But we must, if any improvement is to follow, really give our minds to the matter in hand. It is no good to say, as a juror did in the Lambeth case, "Oh, what a shocking thing in this country!" and then think about it no more.

## LUXURY OR NECESSITY?

To-morrow the King leaves town, and we make bold to say that at least five-sixths of his subjects in the capital would be glad to leave with him. The other sixth might then just manage to keep cool.

Hot weather in cities naturally turns our thoughts to the country, where there is always some air, and never quite so many smells. Nature did not mean Man to crowd together in millions, least of all when the temperature is eighty-five in the shade.

It is our disregard of Nature that makes it necessary for us to take holidays. When people were less thick on the ground they could stay in the same place, year in, year out, all their lives. When city-dwellers try to do that they droop and die before their time.

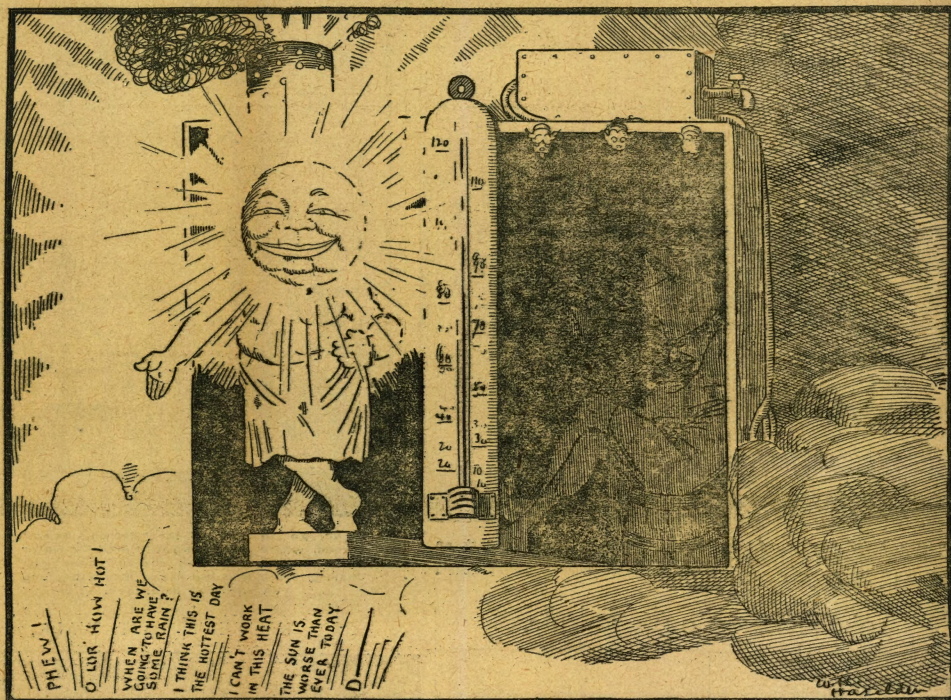
Holidays are, therefore, not merely a luxury, but a necessity. And while you are planning yours, don't forget that "there are others." Send something to the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and give some little one a chance.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"Oh! but thou dost not know what 'tis to die."  
"Yes, I do know, my lord."  
"Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;  
A quiet resting from all jealousy,  
A thing we all pursue; I know, besides,  
It is but giving over of a game  
That must be lost."

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

## SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED.



THE SUN: There's no pleasing these mortals. Last year, when I took a holiday, their language almost made up for the deficiency in warmth. Now that I'm out all day, hard at work, and poor old Jupiter Pluvius is taking it easy, why they're just as discontented as ever!

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

Mr. George Cavendish-Bentinck, with whom the King has been staying over Sunday at Christchurch, Hants, is nobody in particular; but his American wife is a great favourite of His Majesty's, one of the "brightest" society women of the day. She has an enormous lot of money, and spends a good deal on her clothes. But she looks perfectly dressed. In London she lives in Richmond-terrace, Whitehall, and when she was ill some years ago Big Ben had to stop striking for fear of making her worse. That was a pretty good evidence of her popularity.

Equally popular in his way is the Prime Minister's week-end host, Mr. Henry White, of the United States Embassy. He has been in London now for twenty years, and likes it so well that even the chance of going to Rome as U.S. Minister did not tempt him. He is a very good-looking man, with a nice-looking wife, who admires him immensely. He can shoot and ride better than most Englishmen, and he plays golf with an enthusiasm which almost equals Mr. Balfour's own. So, naturally, they are friends.

Even if Mr. Balfour takes up Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's challenge to-day and agrees to another full-dress debate on the fiscal question, it is most unlikely that the Government will be beaten on a Vote of Censure. It is true that, if all the thirty Unionists who are declared freetraders were to vote with the Liberals and the Irish Party, the Ministerial majority would fall to about thirty. But even that would not turn out a Government which is determined to remain in office as long as it possibly can.

That was a fine story "Merlin" told in yesterday's "Referee" about old Dr. Mackellar, the chief Metropolitan Police surgeon, who has just been called away to the siege of Plevna in the Russo-Turkish war (Mr. Christie Murray was there as a war correspondent) the Red Cross surgeons, Dr. Mackellar among them, were hard at work just behind a big wall. Suddenly that wall was penetrated by a shell. Everybody fell prostrate. It was the only safe attitude.

No, not quite everybody, though, for when Mr. Murray got up again he saw Mackellar still standing up as he had been before the shell came. He was holding together the arteries of a leg that had been cut off a badly-wounded man. "Great Heavens, man," said the correspondent, "why didn't you duck like the rest of us?" "Ducky!" answered the brave surgeon. "Why the beggar would have died." And he gave the matter not another thought.

Another instance of this same kind of magnificent modesty, coupled with disregard of danger, was once given by Sir William MacGregor, whose appointment to be Governor of Newfoundland was announced on Saturday. He was Acting Colonial Secretary of Fiji, and he went with an expedition to rescue the crew and passengers of a ship which had struck on a reef. He did the most marvellous things in the way of carrying the rescued people along a broken mast, which was their only path to safety.

Finally, he saved three of them from being swept out to sea. He seized one, a woman, by her hair-knot with his teeth, and gave the other two, both men, a hand each. Then he exerted all his force and got them ashore. When he sent in his report upon the rescue he said not a word about having been there himself. It was only by chance that his daring humanity came to light. Then, of course, he was made a hero. But all he would ever say about his exploit was that he never till then understood how useful it was to be very strong!

Salvationists ought to begin to look upon theatres with a kinder eye, seeing that they are so often getting the loan of them for lecture purposes. Commander Booth-Tucker, who occupied the stage of Terry's the other day, and is to be heard again at His Majesty's this afternoon, is the head of the American branch of General Booth's organisation. He got a good deal of sympathy some years ago when he was convicted of "keeping a disorderly house," to wit, the Salvation Army barracks. In fact, the prosecution really did the army a great deal of good in the States.

A theatrical family with a strong leaning towards the Church is something of a curiosity. Yet the Bateman family has this leaning powerfully developed, so far as its women are concerned, at all events. Mrs. Edward Compton, who was at the Church and Stage meeting on Friday, and who is greatly given to good works, was a Miss Bateman. Her more famous sister, Isabel, actually saved up her money steadily all through her theatrical career in order to buy herself into a convent as soon as she had enough.

A man who ought to have been at the meeting is Mr. Roper Spyers, the clever young actor, who is billed to appear at the Adelphi in the autumn. He went on the stage originally after he had been a master for time at a public school. Then he left the stage to become a clergyman, and was appointed chaplain at his old school. But he soon found that he had made a mistake, so he gave up his holy orders and took to acting again. Oddly enough, he is to play the part of a Bishop at the Adelphi. He would have had to wait a long time for this if he had stuck to the Church.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

General Louis Botha.

When General Joubert died, Botha succeeded to the command of the Boer Army. Now that Mr. Kruger is dead, he takes his place naturally and by undisputed right as the chief man of his nation. At his bidding they made yesterday a day of mourning, and he has requested that all inhabitants will wear black for thirty days. They will do it, too, as much because their new leader asks it as because they respected their old one. Botha is a man to whom they will be glad to look for leading and advice.

Fortunately there is no reason to suppose that his advice will be anything but good. He is of a very different type from Kruger. He is a Progressive, and as such he constantly opposed the old State President in the years before the war.

He is an educated man, thoughtful, sensible, absent of the times. What he said after peace had been made was that there was every prospect of its lasting "if people sank their individual feelings and worked together for the good of South Africa."

That is what he is doing himself. He does not agree with much that is being done, but he gives Lord Milner credit for good intentions. When the time comes, Botha will play a great part in the future history of South Africa. But that time is not yet.

Not much over forty, he still takes a pride in his appearance. His moustache and little chin-beard are always neatly trimmed. But not even his best friend could call him an elegant figure. He is altogether too big a fellow for that.

## QUESTION AND ANSWER.

How Long Exactly Has the Drought of the Past Few Weeks Lasted?

Strictly speaking there has been no drought at all. A drought is only admitted by weather experts when fourteen days pass without a drop of rain. A "partial drought" occurs when twenty-eight days go by with no more than an average rainfall of one-hundredth part of an inch a day for the whole period.

We had rain last Tuesday, and already more than half-an-inch has fallen during this month, so we cannot even put up a claim for a "partial drought." At the same time, rain is badly wanted. The crops need it, and the roads need it, and hot humanity needs it. The year's rainfall is already three-quarters of an inch lower than the average. Let us hope for a little moisture soon to put the year right.



WINNER OF THE ECLIPSE STAKES.



Darley Dale, winner of the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park on Friday. At the right of the photograph will be seen the Duke of Portland, the owner, chatting with Mr. John Porter, Darley Dale's trainer.

ARE YOU THIRSTY?



If so, go to one of the "Evening News" stands, where you can get filtered ice-water free of charge. The crowd round the Charing Cross Hospital stand was a big one on Saturday afternoon.

PLAYED FOR



Johnny Watts, the orphan lad suffering from consumption, while Watts played the National Anthem on his mother's house last week.—(Photograph by ...)

LONG-DISTANCE CHAMPIONSHIP.



J. A. Jarvis, who won the long-distance swimming championship at Putney on Saturday for the seventh year in succession.

F. Gadsby, the one-legged swimmer, was another competitor in Saturday's swimming race.

KRUGER'S LAST WALK.



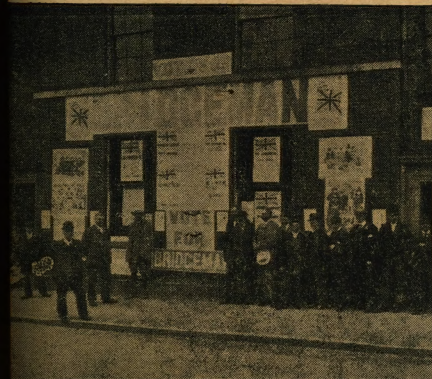
The late Mr. Kruger, accompanied by his nephew, Dr. Heyman, and some of his friends, taking his last stroll in the garden of his villa at Clarens shortly before he died.

AS THEY SAW US,



The hundred members of the Social ... day, after a three days' visit in the metropolis. While fascinated and bright faces, they declared the ...

OSWESTRY CONTEST.



Political posters and some of the electioneers outside the Conservative candidate's committee rooms.

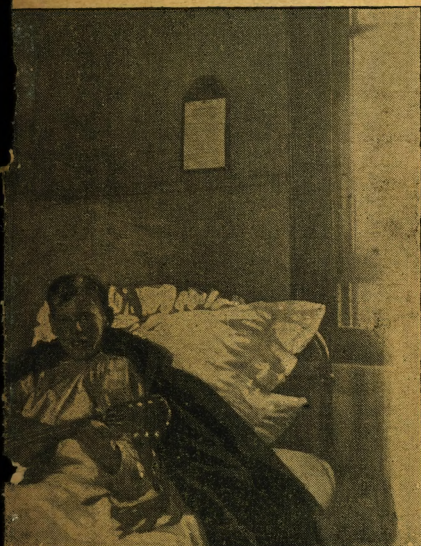
THE HEAT IN NEW YORK.



Little New Yorkers, lightly clad, having a "refresher" from the fireman's hose.



THE KING.



Consumption and cancer, by whose bedside the King stood and died when his Majesty visited Newmarket Workhouse by E. A. Parr, Newmarket.)

AND AS THEY SEE US NOW.

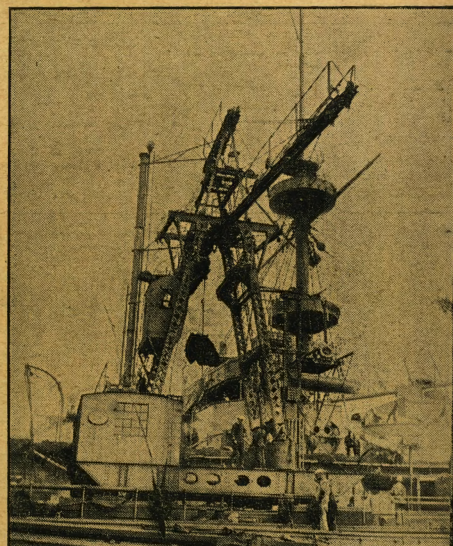


de L'Art Pour Tous, who returned to Paris yesterday, were delighted with everything they saw in London, with our ladies' charms, their lovely complexions and themselves shocked to see how Englishwomen cross the street.

PREPARING FOR THE MANOEUVRES.



Torpedo craft preparing to leave the Basin at Portsmouth on Saturday morning for Holyhead, where the boats will take part in the coming torpedo manoeuvres in the Irish Sea.—(Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)



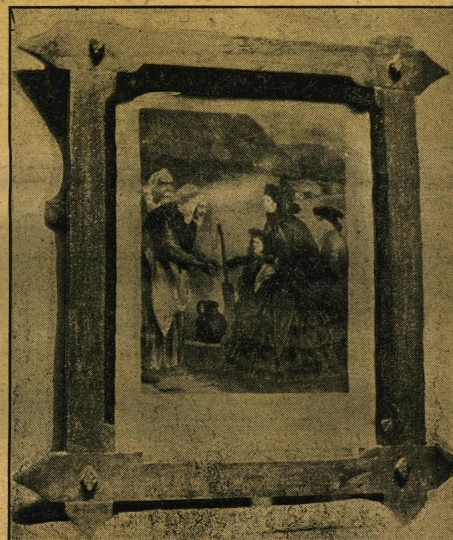
Coaling a warship at Portsmouth for the naval manoeuvres with the new transporter, Haulabout. This huge floating coal depot is so big that the largest battleship can coal alongside it.—(Photo, Cribb.)

CLERGYMAN WORKHOUSE MASTER.



Rev. Vincet Minter, master of Newmarket Workhouse, is the only workhouse master in the British Isles holding Holy Orders.—(Photograph by E. A. Parr, Newmarket.)

WHO ARE THE PRINCESSES?



When visiting Newmarket Workhouse last week the King noticed this picture representing Queen Victoria, with two Princesses, distributing Bibles to Scottish crofters, but his Majesty could not recognise the Princesses.



The scene on the beach at Worthing yesterday.—(Photograph by E. D. Paine.)



# THE SEASIDE SEASON—FASHIONS IN FLANNEL AND SERGE.

## ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

### POPULAR FABRICS AT COAST RESORTS.

The so-called crinoline model gains in popularity as the summer advances. Whatever fabric this model is built of it must stand out below the waist, and fall in direct lines to the feet. An effective

while another is also green embellished with clusters of cherries shading from pale pink to deep red. Black backgrounds are modish. A black muslin with bunches of cherries scattered over its surface is a splendid choice.

Again muslins may have a ribbon design upon them, and the old-fashioned crossbar designs have also reappeared. A pale green muslin is barred with white, and here and there are wreaths breaking the lines of pink roses tied with white ribbon.

Short brown holland, duck, drill, and pique dresses prove stouter friends at the seaside than

spun materials, which look specially smart in cream and white.

There is a larger choice in baby bonnets and children's hats this season than there has been for some time, and many of them imitate grown-up models. The quaint little scoop-shaped bonnet is purchasable both in straw and piqué, and the ruffled hats are made so that the brim looks almost like a flower.

The straw bonnet is faced on the inside of the brim with soft pleatings of muslin with a narrow ruffle of lace at the edge. Round the crown is a

## SWEET SCENTS

### HIDDEN AWAY IN PARASOL HANDLES.

Perfume is in fashion again. The smart woman has given up the whim that scents are vulgar, and there is now a craze for sachets, for perfumed toilet powders, for scented baths, for lingerie-perfumeries, and for delicate odours in cupboard and linen chests. It is no longer correct to scoff at sweet smells. But only the most delicate, most elusive odours are smart.

The most fashionable perfumes are made up of a mixture of odours. Different flavours are combined until a rare and unusual blend is obtained, impossible to imitate and with a dozen suggestions of varying fragrance.

It is the fancy of some girls to blend their own perfumes, and thus escape any possibility of imitation. The flowers that will blend into an exquisite exhalation are all those of an old-fashioned type, such as clove pinks, rose, heliotrope, and lemon verbena. If you have not the originality nor the time to express yourself in an individual perfume, there are exquisite new blends in the shops that are altogether delightful.

### From the Hayfield to the Orient.

There are widely differing scents to be bought. Clover soaps, powders, and toilet waters are all of a simple, old-fashioned fragrance, and are the epitome of cleanliness and sunshine. A perfume far removed from the hayfields is an Oriental sachet powder, made of roots and herbs and the bark of trees, and it, too, is very delicious.

Sachets of every variety of shape and size are used to give a subtle perfume to those who like scents, and some will last a year if sufficient powder is impregnated in the cotton-wool. As to where a sachet may be worn there are no limits of places, for everywhere is fashionable. In the handle of the parasol, which has a lid at the end; in the corner of the handkerchief hem, in the crown of the hat, in the hem of the stocking, the puff of the sleeve, and in the ruffles of the dress.

A point worth noting in the making of sachets is the use of the right kind of cotton-wool. It is wholly absurd to make up sachets without cotton, for the perfume will escape without it directly. A clever plan is to sprinkle the scented powder on absorbent cotton, which is absolutely clean and odourless, and also has a close enough texture to keep the powder from leaking. A single layer is used, split in two, then folded together and stored away in an appropriate case, made of any fabric that is pretty and not too thick.

## BEAUTY HINTS.

### Lemon juice whitens the skin.

Never wash the face just before going out of doors, or directly after coming in, if the skin is inclined to be sensitive.

Should you be waxing obese, cut down your rations, especially bread, potatoes, and fat meat.

A little oil of sweet almonds applied to a dry, harsh skin will make it soft and youthful looking.

Dark circles under the eyes are apt to those who do not drink sufficient water. Three or four pints of pure water a day are not too much if the dark circles are to disappear.

Worry brings wrinkles more quickly than anything else, for the simple reason that when the mind is fretted the appetite vanishes and the body does not receive sufficient nourishment.

A recipe for violet sachet powder is: Eight ounces of ground orris root, five drops of oil of bergamot, three drops of oil of "sitter almonds," three drops of oil of rose, and one drachm of tincture of musk. Mix all these ingredients well together, and the result will be a very pleasant sachet powder.



The Breton sailor hat is very modish again this summer, and is here shown with a double straw brim, blue and white in colouring, and a scarf trimming of blue and white silk.

example of a crinoline gown is of white gauze spotted with emerald green dots, mounted over white silk. The skirt is gathered at the top over a silk foundation, and stiffened to stand away from the hips.

The skirt is trimmed nearly to the waist-line with alternate bands of the fabric, one band put on straight with a line of green silk, and the next a wider and gathered band. The bodice has a lace yoke and deep-falling cape pieces trimmed with bands and folds, and the sleeves are arranged in very big puffs just below the shoulders, and becoming smaller at the elbows, where they end.

### Cherries on a Black Background.

Flower and fruit designs are shown in the muslins of this season, which do not at all confine themselves to white backgrounds; and even by the sea muslins are, owing to the great heat, acceptable. One of the most fascinating organdies of the season has on a pale green background sprays of purple wisteria with dark foliage. It is built over a pale green muslin foundation.

Another dainty muslin has sprays of pink and white apple blossoms on a pale green ground,

This very smart hat is made of coarse burnt straw bound with a red velvet and trimmed with a natural brown feather thrust through a red velvet buckle.

wreath of tiny white rosebuds or a clump of pink ones at one side. The effect is most quaint, and to some baby faces truly becoming. For the really tiny baby the soft fine muslin bonnet with rosettes and threadings of ribbon is the best.

The older child may have a hat made of accordion pleated ruffles of fine white lawn. This needs no trimming, but a large bow of satin ribbon of whatever colour is most becoming. For a shady bonnet for a baby the piqué coal-scuttle shape is most desirable. The brim can be made quite stiff by cordings, and the crown may button on so that it can all be taken apart and washed. For every day wear nothing is better, as this bonnet can be so easily kept fresh and clean. Little ruffles of lace sewn round the edge may be added to make the effect softer, and rosettes of pale blue ribbon be tacked on to furthermore adorn it.

A very simple remedy for the purpose of removing tan and freckles is prepared from two gallons of strong soap-suds, to which are added one pint of spirits of wine and a quarter of a pound of rosemary. Apply this mixture with a linen rag, and allow it to dry on the face.

A simple costume of marine blue summer serge, with an old rose collar and cuffs and a striped rose and white silk waistcoat.

muslin, and also the batiste and lawn family, a perishably thin set of fabrics. For stout, hard wear on the sea serge is where it was last year and during many past seasons—namely, at a pinnacle of popularity, shared by blanketing and home-

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## PALACE OF WONDER.

## Mr. Whitaker Wright's £700,000 Estate for Sale.

Lea Park, the wonderful palace that was the pride of the late Mr. Whitaker Wright, will this week be offered for sale.

The splendid furniture has already been sold by private treaty, and now the great house, with its theatre, observatory, and magnificent stables; the beautiful park with its artificial lakes, under-water conservatories and marvellous statuary, will be put up to public auction.

But only a millionaire will be able to buy this wonderland. Its dead owner is estimated to have spent £700,000 on it, and the cost of its upkeep will be something enormous.

That modern equivalent for Aladdin's lamp—gold

—worked marvels in its making. The park is miles in circumference, situated near Godalming, in one of the loveliest spots in England.

But great as are its natural beauties, they did not content Whitaker Wright. He had an army of workmen—at one time there were 800 of them—busy on the estate.

"That hill spoils the view from these windows," he said, "I think we will put it here." And a great natural hill was removed bodily.

He thought the large lake was not well situated, so he had it drained and two others made. Under one of these he built a great glasshouse and a smoking-room conservatory, which was decorated

with rare plants and wonderful marbles from Italy. Sitting in it, one could see the fishes swimming around in the lake above.

The water supply for this lake flows through a great dragon's head of marble, weighing eleven tons, which was brought at enormous expense from Italy. No train would carry it, and it had to be dragged all the way from the coast by traction engines.

In the house itself is a well-fitted observatory and a small theatre, which cost £15,000 to build, and which contains a drop-curtain that cost £1,000. The stables, where there is room for fifty horses, are in keeping with the rest of the palace—their gun-metal fittings alone cost £3,500.

## Mortgages May Foreclose.

The palace is incomplete still. Its builder got into pecuniary difficulties, and had to abandon his gigantic scheme. It is mortgaged, and if there is no bidder it is feared the mortgages will foreclose.

Built five years ago, money was being poured like water in the construction of this fairy palace. Now its builder lies in a suicide's grave, and his

home is offered for sale. Thus passes the glory of the company promoter.

Since Mr. Whitaker Wright's tragic death his widow, her health shattered by the shock, has lived in a small house on the estate which was built for the servants. With her have been her son and two daughters.

It is reported that the son, a young man of twenty-two, who was at Oxford when his father died, has recently become engaged to Miss Lacon, daughter of the well-known Norfolk brewer.

## HAGGERTY'S FIFTEEN MILES' SWIM.

So successful was Haggerty's long swim on Thursday that he has arranged for another long effort for to-day.

He will again be taken out to sea by the steamship Clifton at a distance of twelve miles, but he will have to swim at least fifteen or sixteen miles before he reaches the north pier jetty.

Interest in Haggerty's achievements has considerably increased since he was successful in his great swim on Thursday.

## The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

## CHAPTER XXXIX Continued.

"You have heard from Philip Denzil, Trix. What do you mean?"

"We must not be overheard," and Beatrix shot a swift glance to right and left. "Lower your voice, father. I have not actually heard from the man himself. He is too ill to write, it appears, but a message has been sent to me in his name." She broke off to smile and bow, and then had to make a pretty speech to the French Ambassador, who had been listening to the debate. After the smiling Frenchman had passed on she turned again to her father, and the Premier noticed, with some uneasiness, how white her face looked in the moonlight, now that the flush of excitement had died down. "It is very terrible to feel," she muttered, "that another person knows the whole story, and has John's reputation in his hand, for the man who wrote to me knows everything, father, there is no doubt about that."

"His name?" Robert Chevenix spoke with laconic brevity. He was feeling distressed above measure. Of all living creatures he loved Beatrix, and he foresaw trouble for her, bad trouble.

"Paul Carew," answered Beatrix in low tones. She was swinging the fan she carried backwards and forwards on its tassel, and she forebore to look at her father's face, keeping her eyes fixed on the dainty feather toy. "It is a strange letter," she went on, meditatively; "no hint of blackmail in it yet," she paused a second and sighed wearily, "but the writer says he wishes to see me. He has a message to deliver—a message he will not write. That looks bad, I fear, but I suppose I shall have to see the man."

Robert Chevenix did not answer. His Jovean air had deserted him, and he looked for the moment terribly old and worn. Paul Carew's name had brought up a ghastly memory of Margaret's dead face, and now he felt assured that the man intended mischief to his child.

"Paul Carew," he repeated slowly, making an effort to regain his self-control. "He is a dangerous man. Would to God he had never crossed your path, Trix. But are you sure that he writes the truth. Maybe he is only playing a big game of bluff." A shade of hope crept into the Premier's voice, and he straightened his broad back. "Where has Philip Denzil been hiding all these years. Possibly he is dead, and the letter the mere concoction of another's brain?"

Beatrix shook her head. It was obvious that she felt troubled and anxious. "No, the letter reads genuine enough. He has been living with this man, with Paul Carew, ever since he fled from Denzil's Folly. I am afraid there is no reason to doubt the truth of the statement—Philip Denzil is alive." She lowered her voice to a faint whisper and leaned rather helplessly towards her father.

"If the truth ever became known—it would run John," she murmured. "He would be spoken of everywhere as his father's son."

"Does he know that you have heard from Carew?" Robert Chevenix spoke with some hesi-

tation. He felt dull and heavy, like a man who has just received a stunning blow on the temple.

"No, I have not told John, nor do I intend to," answered Beatrix with decision. "He has enough to think about as it is. Empire builders—and here a ring of pride crept into the young wife's voice—"must not be troubled by home burdens. I shall see the man myself first and hear what he has to say, and only tell John when I sight breakers ahead. He must not be troubled just now—not if I can help it, anyway." She flung back her head with something of her old self-assurance and tapped the ground imperiously with her foot. "There's something savage and primitive in me, father," she said, after a long pause, "the sort of wild instinct that sends the Arab woman into the battle when the safety of her mate is concerned."

"I think I could kill anyone who tried to harm John. Look at my hands, father," and she fluted them out before him—they look weak, womanish hands, do they not? But they would be strong enough to kill any man who harmed my husband." She laughed, but her eyes glittered fiercely. "When a woman adores her husband and has a child, she is a dangerous person if harm threatens either. Oh, no, I am not really afraid of Paul Carew. He must cross swords with me before he harms John."

Beatrix and her husband drove home hand in hand, even as they had driven to the House, and the woman to the day of her death never forgot that drive. From the moment she found herself by John Heron's side, the two actually alone at last, she put away all thoughts of Paul Carew from her mind, and abandoned herself to the ecstasy of her joy.

She was a woman who rarely betrayed emotion or let herself go, but she gave herself up now, she let her head fall on her husband's shoulder and turned her swimming eyes to his.

"John," she murmured, "John—my dearest—my beloved—my king, you have ridden the whirlwind—ruled the storm—oh, my pride in you, John—and my love." Words failed, but her trembling lips spoke for her, so also her flush of colour.

The man who had been rock when he stood up to fight for the Ministry—cold and nerveless—trembled as he clasped his wife to him, crushing her up against his breast, tearing the lace that trimmed her bodice in his effort to hold her yet closer and to have her wholly in his arms.

"For you," he muttered hoarsely, "to be worthy of you. You trusted your pride to me—ah, God—Trix, not in vain."

She guessed from the low murmured words that the storm still raged, the bitter storm of his parentage, and she realised that he would always feel he owed her a debt for having stooped to marry him. The thought hurt her beyond words.

"John," she murmured passionately, "I have no personal pride—no personal ambition—and I am no longer Beatrix Chevenix—I am Beatrix Heron, and John, I love you. Don't you understand," she went on, lifting his hand to her lips and kissing it, "that you saved me body and soul when you married me—that I owe you everything? I would rather trudge the world by your side a beggar than sit on a king's left hand. Misfortune, disgrace, or trouble could only bring you closer to me; if you had killed me, your speech this evening—I'd have drawn your head on my breast and kissed the sting away, and if the world ever stoned you, as God is my judge, I'd stand between you and the stones."

The speech ended in a sob, the woman's nerves were strained to the utmost.

"And this is love," John Heron spoke in hushed, reverent tones. Then he kissed the tears away from his wife's cheek. "This is love," he repeated slowly. "Oh, Beatrix, we have the best."

She pressed his hand for answer, and they said no more to each other till the brougham stopped outside the little house in Green-street.

A slight supper had been prepared in the dining-room, but Beatrix steadied her emotion as she sipped hot soup. The table was gay with a prodigious wealth of blossom. Delicate flame-coloured azaleas reared in boughs out of high silver vases, and a bowl in the centre was full of lilies of the valley. A cheerful fire burnt on the hearth, a fire that May allowed, and gave an air of bright comfort.

John Heron smiled very happily as he stood by the mantelpiece and watched his beautiful wife. The room was full of rare and costly objects, but the living woman made everything else appear worthless and of little value.

"Trix," he said, reflectively, "I doubt if it's in the power of mortal man to be happier than I am to-night. I've done what I wanted to this evening—had my hour—and here I stand in my own home. The child—our boy—asleep upstairs, and you facing me—"

No lover could have spoken with more passion or gazed at his beloved with greater intensity of devotion. "Yes," John Heron went on firmly, walking to the table as he spoke and filling up his glass with some red wine. "To-night has brought me my heart's desire." He poured some Burgundy into his wife's glass. "Drink a toast with me, most dear woman on earth," he cried triumphantly. "Drink to our full, splendid, and superb happiness."

He looked a strong and magnificent specimen of manhood as he stood up smiling, colour flushing the cold face—his eyes sparkling and flashing. "To what has been," said John Heron, "and to what is now. As to the future," he laughed with reckless happiness, and added half defiantly—"the happy fear no future." Then he drained his glass.

Beatrix raised hers, but her hand trembled as she spilt some of the wine, splashing her soft satin frock and the white damask table-cloth.

"Oh, John, what a bad omen," she cried nervously; "it looks—oh, it looks like blood."

CHAPTER XL Her Father's Debts.

Beatrix Heron was in the nursery next morning, playing with her little boy, when a servant entered the room carrying a card on a small silver salver.

Beatrix guessed the name she would see written on it, and she was not mistaken. "Paul Carew." Yes, that was the name she had expected to read. She understood now why her heart had been playing odd tricks for the last few minutes, warning her of the dangerous hour in front; for Beatrix felt certain that the man had come as an enemy; some subtle instinct told her so.

"Show Mr. Carew into the morning-room," she answered, with a faint attempt after an easy and careless manner, "and I will be at home" to no one else this morning—be sure and remember that."

She turned to her child as the servant departed, and pressed the little fellow in her arms. Robert, as they had called the boy after his distinguished grandfather, was a pretty enough little urchin of three.

The baby was fond of his mother and dearly loved romping with her, so he caught at her skirts shrieking and bubbling with laughter, holding her prisoner with tiny baby fists when she tried to disentangle herself from his embrace.

"Mother must go, Bobby, pet," she said firmly, making her way to the door, but the sound of her child's cries pursued her down the staircase, the nurse being quite unable to silence the clamour, and she rejoiced over this proof of affection even whilst she longed to run back and soothe the sobbing child.

She paused rather nervously outside the morning-room door, and for the first time the thought struck her, had she done well to keep the proposed interview a secret from her husband? John Heron was no weakling, and Beatrix wondered if he would ever reproach her for her lack of confidence, and argue that she had no right to keep such a secret to herself. Yet, she argued, why worry and distress him, and at such a political crisis. If the knowledge that Philip Denzil was still alive had affected her so much, how much more would it affect his son? Better, far better, to leave him in blissful ignorance, and take the burden on her own white shoulders. So thinking, she opened the morning-room door and walked calmly in, only her heightened colour betraying the agitation that she felt.

Paul Carew rose from his seat as the soft sound of the fringed door's skirts reached his ear. He had been sitting with his back to the door, and he turned to greet Beatrix with a peculiar smile upon his thin, white lips.

The woman started a little at her first sight of the cruel, mocking face, and moved a step back. Then, remembering that it must be her rôle to conciliate this man, she held her hand out and bowed graciously.

But Paul Carew took no notice of the slender, outstretched hand or the half-appealing expression, but gazed at Beatrix eagerly and hungrily, scanning every line of her face.

"Yes," he said at last, "you are very like your father. You are his true daughter—but are you ready to pay his debts?"

"What do you mean?" asked Beatrix; but she felt a sudden terror of the man creep over her, and she feared harm to her nearest and dearest at his hands.

"We will discuss what I mean later on," answered the other sneeringly. "Do you not want to hear the latest news of Philip Denzil first? Have you no curiosity, madam, about the welfare of your father-in-law?—when I have come so far to bring you news of him—to tell you the man you thought dead and forgotten is alive?" He paused to glance at Beatrix and to laugh.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

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## CHAMPIONS AT CHELMSFORD

Shrub in Form—Two Good 'Hundredreds' by Miller—Rev. H. W. Workman Wins a Fast Quarter.

## IRELAND BEATS SCOTLAND.

Essex county championships and other contests drew about 8,000 spectators to the Bishop of Colchester's charming grounds on Saturday. Sir Westman D. Pearson and Lady Pearson could not attend, the former being far from well, and the latter having recently lost her mother. Mr. Harold Pearson, however, took his father's place as president of the sports, and Lady Denman (Sir Westman and Lady Pearson's daughter) distributed the prizes.

The victory of the Rev. H. W. Workman in the quarter mile invitation race in the fast time of 31sec. was a popular feature. Workman, who is a Navy chaplain, was originally ordered to call for foreign parts on Saturday; but luckily there was a sufficient alteration in the arrangements to enable him to visit Chelmsford.

Workman won his heat in 51 3/4sec., and beat the half-mile champion of Surrey, E. H. Montague, by 2 yards in the final. Several watches made his winning time in the final 50 4/5sec. J. B. Deunham (South London Harriers) led nearly all the way, was passed by Workman in the last straight, and only lost second place to Montague on the post.

After running two laps in the open mile handicap (won by H. Browning, of the Horsham Blue Star Harriers, with 140yd. start, in 44 1/2sec.), Shrubb turned out, and won the three miles race for the Atlanta Cup. He led throughout, and beat A. Aldridge (Highgate H.) by 150yd. Shrubb ran in 44min. 30sec. in 3 1/2 miles, 32 1/2sec. in 3 miles, 29 1/2sec. in 2 1/2 miles, and the full distance in 14min. 32 1/2sec. F. H. Hulford, of the Herne Hill Harriers, was third.

J. Austin Miller, of the Woodford Lacrosse Club, won the 100 yards championship cup outright in 10sec., and also secured first in the 400 yards open handicap, with 3yd. start, in 9 4/5sec. A wind at the back of the sprinters and a downhill course accounted for the fast times.

W. G. Collins again won the mile running championship of Essex (time 4min. 40 3/4sec.); the mile cycling championship won by J. B. Deunham (South London Harriers) in 2min. 32 1/2sec.; the two miles walking championship to T. O'Gorman (Essex Beagles) in 16min. 12 1/2sec.; and the quarter-mile championship to S. G. Best (of the Essex Beagles) in 53 3/4sec.

The 300 yards hurdles handicap was won by W. Turnham, of the Finchley Harriers, 30yd. start, in 37 4/5sec., and the one mile bicycle handicap by J. W. Ellis (Epping C.C.), 160yd. start, in 2min. 16 1/2sec.

During the afternoon Earl Essex was nominated for the presidency of next year's meeting.

## INTERNATIONAL MEETING.

Several holders of English championships took part in the contest in which Ireland beat Scotland, by 7 points to 4, at Belfast on Saturday. F. R. Nicholson, the champion hammer thrower, for instance (representing Scotland), won the hammer throwing at 150ft. 11in.—a performance which would have ranked as a best on record in Ireland had not the ground been downhill.

D. Hogan, holder of the English weight-putting championship, representing Ireland, put the weight 48ft. 7in.; R. S. Stronach (holder of the English hurdles championship) won the 120 yards hurdles race for Scotland in 16 1/2sec.; and J. McGough, who finished second to Shrubb in the mile championship of England, won the mile for Scotland in 4min. 37 1/2sec. C. Leahy (Ireland) beat R. G. Murray and J. B. Milne (joint holders of the English high-jumping championship with P. O'Connor) in the high jump.

Maldoon (Ireland) won the four miles in 20min. 37 1/2sec.; Cuscock (Ireland) won the long jump at 22ft. 11in.; and D. Murray (Ireland) won the 220 yards race in 34 1/2sec.

The greatest surprise was the victory of J. MacKenzie (Ireland) over J. McGough (Scotland) in the half-mile, in 2min. 3 1/2sec.

## CHAMPIONS AT BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham sports were well supported on Saturday by prominent athletes. J. H. Jupp, the 220 yards amateur champion, won the 100 yards level race in 13sec. J. F. Tremear was second, and the quarter-mile amateur champion, R. L. Watson, third. Watson, however, won the 400 yards Midlands Counties championship at the same meeting in 10 2/5sec. A. Trafford, the hurdle ex-champion, won the 120 yards hurdle race from 15yd. behind scratch.

## VETERAN CYCLIST'S SUCCESS.

One of the most popular victories among the many meetings on Saturday was that of C. J. Minors, the veteran Stafford rider, in the quarter mile open handicap at the "Auxiliary" sports at Herne Hill. Starting from the 50yd. mark, and having for his companions S. N. Poole, of the Arley, and J. McKinlay, of the Balham C.C., Minors—who by the way commenced his racing career as far back as 1888—rode a well-judged race, and scored by a length and a half from the Balham man in 29 3/4sec.

But for the erratic riding of a competitor in the half-mile handicap, the result would doubtless have been in favour of George Calder (35), instead of A. Habbal, of the Putney (38). The opportunity of dashing ahead was occurred when the erratic one caused the Poly. boy to ride out of his stride. As it was, Calder was beaten by two lengths.

## BRIGADE OF GUARDS' SPORTS.

At the Brigade of Guards' sports on Saturday, at Burton Court, Chelsea, the cup, presented in memory of the late Sir D. A. Dalrymple, was won by the Scots Fusilier Guards. Private Cunneane, of the winning team, was the successful competitor. He won the half-mile, the mile, and the two miles races.

## MEREDITH AT PADDINGTON.

Leon Meredith won the Paddington Cycling Club's half-mile handicap from scratch, in the fast time (for the track) of 31 4/5sec., at Paddington, on Saturday, but was unequal to the task of defeating A. Cordery and S. Kennings, who rode a tandem in a two-laps race against Meredith on a single.

## RAILWAY RUNNERS.

Sir William Hart Dyke, Bart., M.P., distributed the prizes at the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway sports on Saturday. A. Fiddle, of Redhill, won the "John Morgan" challenge vase in a 600 yards competition, which had to be re-run, owing to a mistake on the first

occasion. Fiddle, as it happened, was the winner in each instance.

## PROFESSIONAL MATCH AT OLDHAM.

The 130 yards match between T. F. Keane, of America, and B. R. Day, of England, for the world's professional sprint championship and £200, took place at Oldham on Saturday in the presence of about 1,000 spectators. Keane soon took the lead, and, running strongly, he won by two yards in the excellent time of 13sec.

## RAILWAYMEN AT THE PALACE.

There was a capital attendance at the Crystal Palace track on Saturday for the thirty-sixth annual sports of the Railway Clearing House.

An open half-mile cycle handicap was won by R. J. Rattray (Havelock and Putney C.C.), with a start of 50yd., and a one mile open cycle handicap by P. Bevan (Putney A.C.), with a start of 100yd. Bevan also secured third place in the half-mile handicap, with a start of 80yd.

Chiefly through the fine running of E. F. Franklin the Railway Clearing House team won the one mile railway championship relay race.

A 300 yards scratch race was won by L. G. Hansford, and a 600 yards handicap by C. Tissier, 13yd. start. W. T. Oman won the two miles walk with a start of 50yd.

## ENGLAND v. AMERICA.

R. W. Barclay, H. W. Gregson, E. E. Leader, A. R. Welch, and others, of Cambridge University, for the world's Cornwallis, H. E. Holding, C. G. Henderson-Hamilton, and others, of Oxford University, were practising at Queen's Club on Saturday, in view of the match against the Harvard and Yale University athletes next Saturday, at Queen's Club, West Kensington.

## STAINES AMATEUR REGATTA.

Staines Regatta took place on Saturday over the usual course from the railway bridge to the Fishing Temple, Savory Weir, down stream. The day was very hot, but a strong breeze blew down the course against the oarsmen.

The lawn of the Fishing Temple was crowded with subscribers and their friends. The regatta was disastrous to the reputation of the London Rowing Club, their old rivals, the Thames, defeating them all round. Details—Senior Four—Thames R.C. (R. F. M. Bighy, H. Messom, S. C. Smith, H. Bornmann, stroke), J. London R.C. (H. J. Bryant, G. T. Western, J. W. Knight, G. R. Davis, stroke), disq. The Londoners fouled the Thames boat rather badly at the start, and again half-way down the course, being disqualified.

Senior Eight—Thames R.C. (R. F. M. Bighy, H. Maycock, S. C. Smith, S. C. Hallett, S. C. Smith, H. Bornmann, G. H. Kelly, H. Messom, stroke), H. E. Greenwood, cox.; 1. London R.C. (E. J. Hay, J. Currie, G. T. Western, J. Compton, W. Field, J. W. Knight, R. D. Warren, H. J. Bryant, G. R. Davis, stroke), J. Norton, cox.; 2. On the crews coming into view at the lawn, Thames were leading, as they had done all along, but a desperate race ensued home, London spurring grandly. Victory, however, went to the Thames men by the close shave of 1/2.

Senior Pair—Kensington and Vesta R.C. (J. Beresford, bow, and H. C. Blackstaffe, J. Staines & C. J. Startin, bow, and H. P. Pimm, stroke), 2. Beresford and Blackstaffe were much too good for the locals, whom they beat with the greatest ease.

## JARVIS STILL CHAMPION.

After a splendid race for the greater part of the distance between J. A. Jarvis and D. Billington, Jarvis won the long distance swimming championship on Saturday for the seventh time in succession. It was a desperate race, and it was only Billington "cracking" first which decided the contest, none of the other thirteen swimmers of sufficient class to be taken seriously. The pair passed and repassed one another several times before Billington had to leave the water.

The race was decided in the Thames between Kew and Putney.

The following is the placing of the first half-dozen competitors—1. J. A. Jarvis (holder) (Leicester), 7min. 33 1/2sec.; 2. A. C. Ayling (Clarence S.C.), 7min. 34 1/2sec.; 3. W. C. Hawes (City of Westminster), 7min. 34 1/2sec.; 4. C. C. Gristland (Zephyr S.C.), 7min. 35sec.; 5. M. A. Blackmore (Zephyr S.C.), 7min. 35 1/2sec.; 6. C. Botting (St. James S.C.), 7min. 40sec. Billington did not finish.

## LAWN TENNIS.

The London Championships were concluded at Queen's Club, West Kensington, on Saturday, with the appended results—

Gentlemen's London Championship—Open Singles—First and championship round: M. J. G. Ritchie beat H. S. Mahony (6-3, 6-1, 6-1).

Ladies' London Championship—Open Singles—Final and championship round: Miss A. M. Morton (holder) beat Miss Stawell Brown (6-2, 6-3).

Gentlemen's Open Doubles—Semi-final round: G. Greville and "D. R. Mann" beat H. Pollard and "T. Dudley" (8-6, 6-2, 6-2); R. F. Doherty and W. V. Eaves beat A. D. Prebble and H. N. Marrett (6-1, 7-3, retired). Final round: Doherty and Eaves beat Greville and "D. A. Mann" (3-6, 10-8, 6-1, 7-3).

## ANGLERS' CHALLENGE SHIELD.

Only forty-nine clubs have entered for this season's competition for the Anglers' Challenge Shield, a falchion of when compared with the entries of the last two years.

The draw for the first round was made on Saturday as follows—

Original Clerkenwell v. Dalston; Leyton Waltonians v. Sundial; Eagle v. Duke of Norfolk; Albion Brothers v. Central Club Society; Upton Park v. Cambridge Heath Brothers; Serapis v. Jubilee; Park v. Hoxton Brothers; Good Intent v. White Hart; Carlton v. Willenden Piscatorial; North-East Brothers v. Colney; North London v. Brunswick Brothers; Campbell United v. Highbury Harleiden v. Newbury Piscatorial; Stepany v. Ene Dunley; Bromley v. South London; Handley v. Holloway; Central Hand-in-Hand v. Stratford; Ealing v. Whitehouse United; Warwick Castle v. St. John's; West Ham Brothers v. Original Alexandria; Edmonson and Tottenham v. Walthamstow Brothers; Prince of Wales v. Spread Eagle; Royal Oak v. Enterprise; Allison United v. Walthamstow; Witley v. Ene.

The round must be completed by the second week in September. The first-named club has choice of water in each instance.

In the Serpentine Lake, Hyde Park, on Saturday morning, thirty-six swimmers competed in the Serpentine Club's race for the "Telegraph" Cup. It was won by F. Weatherly, who had an allowance of 40sec.

On Saturday the new clubhouse of the Honor Oak and Forest Hill Golf Club was formally opened, when about one hundred members and friends sat down to luncheon under the chairmanship of Major Cooper, M.P. An invitational competition was held. Denon Hill won the Cup with 80 net, and Arthur Hunt secured the sweepstakes (nine holes) with 38 net.

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**RESORT** to them and prevent Lassitude, Indisposition, and Chills.

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Madden (403-77); 3, D. Maher (198-58); 4, W. Halsey (311-47); 5, E. Wheatley (239-42); 6, B. Dillon (177-36); 7, C. Trigg (317-33); 8, H. Randall (144-31); 9, W. Griggs (314-31); 10, A. Sharples (146-23); 11, J. L.







## Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 5 (Saturdays, 10 to 3), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/2 (id. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by postal orders crossed BARCLAY and CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for this purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

## Domestic.

COOK (good plain) and House-Parlourmaid required; small family; no children or washing—Apply Tuesday, 6, Thurloe Park, West Dulwich.

HOUSEMAID wanted in doctor's house—Apply 44, Trinity-st., Southwark, S.E.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted for Hampstead; wages £1 and 2/4; 2 1/2 hours; no children—Please call, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted for Camberley, July 20; wages £18-£20—Please call, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted for nursing home; 7 1/2 servants cook; wages £18-£20—Please call, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

NURSERY MAID wanted for town and country; must have been under-nurse before; wages £18—Call or write, Mrs. B., Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

SCHOOLROOM-MAID wanted; 10/6; one; no washing; must have been under-nurse preferred—Write Y. S., Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

SCULLERY-MAID wanted for country; strong and healthy; experienced; 3 in kitchen; wages £16, all found—Write Lady C., Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

## Miscellaneous.

AGENCY—It can be spared time at first, but a good man would soon find it pay to devote whole time; try it; the agents are good; it costs nothing to try—Address, particulars on application, Box 1471, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

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## Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

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